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WITH the Ottawa debates happily—or unhappily—concluded, the House of Commons is embarked on a general discussion of unemployment. Interest will be heightened by the publication next Monday of the belated Report of the Royal Commission on Unemployment Insurance. This will be a voluminous and a contentious document. The Minority Report by the two Labour members of the Commission will, we believe, advocate very drastic reforms—much too drastic for Mr. MacDonald to take any notice of. The Majority, it is rumoured, recommend a reduction of the maximum period of benefit, and the abolition of "transitional" payments by the transference of all such cases to the Public Assistance authorities. Money might, no doubt, be saved in those ways. But even this Government must be assumed to have some notion of what public opinion will stand.

* * *

Preparations for the reopening of the Disarmament Conference have been going on during the past week. Mr. Norman Davis, the United States delegate, is said to be satisfied with his conversations here and in France, though differences between the British and American Governments on naval reductions are not yet smoothed out. The Japanese, on their side of the world, are budgeting for more ships and air bases—to bring themselves up to the level authorised by the London Naval Treaty. Meanwhile, M. Herriot's plan occupies the limelight. It has not had a particularly good press anywhere, and, from what we know of its outlines, it provides ample grounds for everybody's suspicions, but possibly also grounds for hope. There are doubtless many Germans who would welcome the restoration of conscription, even at the price of the disappearance of the Reichswehr (especially as this would constitute a revision—and no trifling one—of the Treaty of Versailles). But is the restoration of conscription in Germany likely to be a healthy thing for Germany itself or for anybody else? The Italians, for their part, will not look at any proposal which might involve the abolition of their Fascist forces. This proposal that each State should have a small professional expeditionary force, heavily armed for joint use against an aggressor, and should also conscript its whole male population for a short period of service, does have the advantage of lessening "offensive" in relation to "defensive" armaments. But no one who believes in peace and remembers the effect of conscription on the mind of the population before the last war could fail to regard the return of conscription in Germany as anything but a disaster.

* * *

M. Herriot apparently also wants the United States to give greater definition to the declaration recently repeated by Mr. Stimson that all the signatories of the Kellogg Pact must take cognisance of a threatened breach of the peace. As regards this country we are already pledged to support other States against an aggressor, and since a war is a greater evil than a bad frontier we have no right to object to M. Herriot's new attempt to underline the "sanctions" clause of the Covenant. But this must be added. If we are to be guarantors of bad frontiers—as we are already—and if we are even to consider further "regional Locarnos," as M. Herriot wants us to do, we must insist on the building of machinery for altering frontiers by peaceful means. Article 16 is a danger, not a security, unless life be given to the vague suggestions of Article 19. We suggest that Mr. Garvin should consider this point. He rightly, if a little monotonously, urges that the Polish frontier is a menace to Europe. But he is content to argue that we must not guarantee it. Unless he thinks Germany would be justified in altering it by war, why does he not go on to urge that we shall find a peaceable method of doing justice?

* * *

The oddest feature of the French proposals still remains. M. Herriot very properly proposes that every country should submit its armaments to inspection by an international tribunal, and although the Germans have objected to such inspection and control in the past the objections that they or other Powers raise to this proposal ought to disappear if the process is applied impartially to all States. So far, so good. We have thus before us all the machinery for security. Now what about the disarmament itself? What of the promised international control of civil aviation? What of capital ships and tanks and the other weapons forbidden to Germany under the Treaty of Versailles? So far the French proposals are silent about the major question of limitation of weapons. The one hopeful fact is that, since the French have themselves torn a hole in the Treaty of Versailles by suggesting the abolition of the Reichswehr, the Germans will be in a strong position for bargaining for disarmament in other countries.

* * *

The discussion of the Lytton Report at Geneva has been postponed, at Japan's request, till November 21st. Meanwhile the line which the British Government intends to take is still in doubt. The matter was debated in the House of Lords on Wednesday, and Lord Cecil, Lord Lothian and Lord Ponsonby, whilst paying their tribute to the Report and its authors, expressed grave anxiety about the Government's policy. The Government are, in fact, hedging. "It would be unwise and unfair to our fellow-members of the League of Nations," said Lord Hailsham solemnly, "if we were to do anything which could prejudice our usefulness when it came to discussion of this delicate and difficult problem at Geneva." Quite so; but the fact is, as Lord Hailsham knows very well, that practically every member of the League, except Japan, is eager to know where this country stands and would welcome a bold lead from us in defence of the Covenant. Issues of immense importance to the world hang on the settlement of the Manchurian dispute, and a compromise in favour of international robbery will be no settlement at all—it will be a calamity. "Our usefulness" would not be prejudiced by the dispelling of the suspicion that Sir John Simon is going to continue his subservience to Japan.

The tariff mania shows small sign of abatement in Europe. In Spain it has taken the form of an economic Punch and Judy show, in which oranges and coal batter the Republican Government with their respective truncheons. During the last few weeks the Spanish press has contained frequent references to the Asturian miners' demands that the use of foreign coal in the iron and steel trades, on the railways, and in the navy, should be further restricted. Already this year the percentage of imported coal permitted in certain iron and steel enterprises in Spain has been reduced from 50 per cent. of the total to 40 per cent., and in the case of one of the smaller companies from 80 per cent. to 30 per cent. The largest import, about two million tons annually, comes from England, and by the terms of the Anglo-Spanish commercial treaty 750,000 tons are imported at a lower rate of duty. These rumours, fanned by the press of South Wales, have stirred the fruit exporters of Valencia to petition the Spanish Government to place no fresh embargo on foreign coal for fear of the reprisals which Great Britain might take on Spanish fruit. At present 40 per cent. of Spain's oranges and 50 per cent. of her grapes are sold in the English market, and the closing of our door to Spanish fruit might have serious consequences in Valencia and Andalusia. The Minister of Public Works, however, gave a reassuring reply to the effect that "whatever solutions are taken, that of restricting the importation of British coal will not be one of them." Thus is the commerce of nations conducted.

* * *

Lord Irwin's defence of Circular 1421 proves that the Government is not insensitive to pressure, provided that it comes from the right quarter. The pressure in this case has come not only from individual educational enthusiasts whom the Government could afford to neglect, but from those responsible and usually conservative bodies, the Local Educational Authorities. Lord Irwin's speech throughout stressed the elasticity of the Circular: this means, amongst other things, that the income limit (for receiving a free place) of £3-£4 is absurdly low and will not, in fact, be generally operative. Provided pressure is maintained it should not be operative anywhere. Secondly, Lord Irwin suggested that he would not be opposed to a system which put a test of brains before a test of means. Clearly, if all children are first selected by examination, one of the major objections to the Circular—that it would admit less able children of more well-to-do parents to the exclusion of gifted children of poorer parents—would disappear. Finally, Lord Irwin admitted that it was possible under the Circular that every "special place" would be occupied by children whose parents paid a fee, and he said that if this tendency appeared in practice he would consider the need of increasing the number of special places. The vicious principles on which the Circular was based remain, but the Government has been impressed with the violence of the storm it has aroused, and if pressure is not relaxed the practical damage may be reduced to comparatively small dimensions.

* * *

Labour has done well at this year's municipal elections. To have made a net gain of a few seats is in the circumstances a considerable achievement. Last year, on the morrow of the General Election defeat, Labour lost well over four hundred seats. This year, under the system by which one-third of the councillors retire each November, it had to defend the seats won in 1929, when it was in the full flood of its forward sweep. An abnormal number of Labour seats, including many won in 1929 for the first time, had therefore to be defended, and it would not have been surprising, even in face of a substantial recovery of the Labour vote since last year, if the result had been a net loss of seats. Moreover, the pacts between the non-Socialist parties, established in many areas since 1929, were continued and strengthened for this year's elections; and in a few places, such as Manchester and Sheffield, where Labour just lost its previous majority, these pacts were effective in causing some loss of seats. On the whole, the results indicate the beginning of a swing-back of opinion to the Labour side. This doubtless reflects in large measure the discontent caused by the means test; but local dislike of recent economies in housing and education, and reaction against the Government's Tory-Protectionist policy, also contributed to the result. Electorally, Labour is probably almost back now to where it stood in 1929—which means that it will not take a great deal more of the present House of Commons to bring it again near to the possibility of office.

* * *

The latest Conversion Loan, £300,000,000 of three per cent. issued at a small discount and repayable in sixteen to twenty years' time, is presumably quite sure to be taken up in full by the market, which is so short of possible investments as to welcome a medium term Government security at such a price. The recent conversion operations, including the latest measure, bring the "saving" on the debt charge up to about £40,000,000 in a full year, without including the reduction in interest on the floating debt. So far, so good. No one doubts that the Treasury has carried through these huge operations with skill as well as success, from the standpoint of bringing down the debt charge to the lowest possible figure. But it is absurd to claim, as the *Times* does, that the success is "eloquent testimony to the fine work of financial and economic rehabilitation" carried out by the present Government. For what has made these successful conversions possible on such terms? Simply the stagnation of industry and trade throughout the world, and the consequent plethora of money seeking any sort of reasonably safe and moderately remunerative investment. Successful conversions at three and three and a half per cent. are due to the same causes as the mounting figures of unemployment. If the one "eloquent testimony" to the Government's record is to be taken into account, so must the other. This does not alter the fact that Mr. Chamberlain and his advisers have handled their task with skill. But we should have been much better pleased if better trade had made it difficult. In face of the world slump, it has been easy enough; but no conversion schemes will push Great Britain out of the wood of economic depression.

* * *

Sir Albert Kitson's report on the prospects of gold mining in Kenya is of a very encouraging kind. He believes that the goldfield may quickly become "useful" and later perhaps really "important." He talks of "numbers of reefs of payable thickness and richness" and, in one area, of lumps of quartz on which gold is freely sprinkled as if "with a pepper pot." Amongst other issues raised by this report we have to consider the fact that these gold finds are in the native reserve of the Kavirondo tribe, which numbers some 900,000 persons. By the Native Land Trust Ordinance, which received the Royal Assent in 1930, the surface rights in the soil are dedicated to the use and enjoyment of the Kavirondo people "for ever." Moreover, the Governor of Kenya, Sir Joseph Byrne, addressing a public conference of "thousands of Africans" in the gold area last July, assured them that "his word was sufficient" that "Government had no intention that they should be deprived of their land." We suggest that the one secure method of implementing the spirit of this pledge is that the British Government should exclude commercial groups, large or small, from the native reserves and operate the goldfield there as a State activity. There is a recent South African precedent for governmental working of precious minerals, and it should be possible to obtain the services of a personnel comparable in standing and capacity with that which now controls the distribution of electricity in this country. African appeasement, the cash value of which to white colonisation in Kenya cannot be computed, would be largely ensured. The firm position of Kenya Fives and Sixes on the market would harden and the rate of development of this new asset would be under Government control and not subject to pressure and manipulation by the company-promoting world.

* * *

The game of Contract Bridge has so many devotees that the publication of its new laws, which come into force on Monday, arouses more interest in some quarters than the laws which Parliament debates. The Bridge laws, which for the first time are international in their scope, are the product of years of argument and negotiation between the Portland Club, the New York Whist Club, and the Commission Française du Bridge. It is pleasant to hear of one international conference succeeding. The content of the laws, however, affords some scope for criticism in at least three respects. (1) The revoke penalty has been lightened; it is now possible to win a game in spite of an early revoke. This is surely a mistake. (2) Tricks bid and made at No Trump have been given alternating values of 30 and 40 instead of a constant 35. This challenge to the demons of arithmetic will provoke much discontent. (3) Still more controversial are the enormous premiums now to be awarded for bidding and making Grand Slam. The bidding of Grand Slams is made mathematically worth while; but also it becomes mathematically worth while to go down heavily to defeat them.

With next week's issue of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION *we shall publish a special Literary Supplement. Contributors to this number will include Stella Benson, Elizabeth Bibesco, Pamela Hinkson, Lydia Lopokova, Rose Macaulay, Agnes Mure Mackenzie, Richard Church, J. A. Hobson, Ronald A. Knox, Forrest Reid and Michael Sadleir.*

HUNGER

SEVERAL persons have written to the papers to say that the hunger-marchers have been found to be wearing perfectly good boots—even new boots. Others have commented on the tact and restraint which the Metropolitan police have shown in handling rioters. And we have been reminded *ad nauseam* that Mr. Wal Hannington, who was carted off to Bow Street on Tuesday together with five cwt. of "incriminating documents," is a Red of the Reds. We are not concerned to argue about the truth of these matters; we only question their relevance. The fact that men have not trudged from Merthyr Tydfil to London barefooted, or on their uppers, does not prove there is no hunger in South Wales, nor even that they themselves have not been, and will not again be, amongst the hungry. Police truncheons, however gently used, do not fill bellies. For the Communists we hold no brief, and indeed we deplore the howling down of responsible leaders like Mr. Lansbury and the general encouragement of hooliganism. But let this not be forgotten. The Communists have not created the misery they are exploiting. Nor does it need a Communist to point the lesson that a man may suffer at home in Lancashire without society heeding, while the moment he hunger-marches to London his deprivations affect the feeling of the public and the policy of the Government.

The misery is patent; it is spreading steadily, it is breeding demoralisation, anger and violence. And the remedy, if any is to be found, will not be found in Scotland Yard. The Government, it seems, are beginning to open one reluctant eye to the seriousness of the situation. They have discovered after twelve months that the means test is a scandal. If they had heeded the warnings which we and many other critics addressed to them at the outset, they might have prevented a vast amount of suffering and discontent. They might have established, with little or no opposition, the principle of a reasonable test of need. As it is, their Order in Council and their Public Assistance Committees have made the very notion of any sort of test stink in the nostrils of the people, and it will be no easy task to win acceptance even for a drastically reformed scheme. That any drastic reform is contemplated is highly improbable. The promised Bill will appear before long—perhaps before these lines are in print—and it will no doubt remove some of the more glaring anomalies in the treatment of "transitional" applicants by different Public Assistance Committees. These anomalies relate particularly to disability and other pensions, to personal possessions and savings, and to the earnings of relatives, and it is imperative that some uniformity in dealing with all these things should be imposed on the local authorities. But even so, the grand mischief will be untouched. The local authorities ought not to be charged with the task at all. The association of the able-bodied unemployed with the poor law is something that we have been struggling to get away from for twenty years and more—alike on moral and administrative grounds—and the institution of the present means test scheme was a retrograde step.

But the means test is not the only, nor indeed the most important, source of discontent. The cuts in unemployment benefit which were effected in the autumn of last year have reduced myriads of families to the barest subsistence level. To anyone who wants to know how some of these wretches manage to live, and who has not the opportunity of seeing it with his own eyes, we recommend again the reading of Mr. Fenner Brockway's book, *Hungry England.* (And, incidentally, we would suggest that to tell them they are better off than unemployed Germans or employed Russians is not very consoling to the English poor, nor very becoming in the English rich.) There are, of course, considerable numbers who, in addition to their unemployment benefit, have some other resources of their own, or who get a supplement from the Public Assistance authority. There are many more who have run out of benefit, are not eligible for transitional payment, and are wholly dependent on public assistance allowances. They may be lucky or they may not; it depends where they live. Public Assistance Committees are pretty busy up and down the land in economising on the poor. The L.C.C. this week voted an extra £120,000 in respect of out-relief. But this was on account of the increased numbers of applicants; it does not mean a more generous scale of allowances. On the contrary, the scales are being quietly and steadily lowered, and we have just heard of one area in London where the Committee has decided that, if 2s. a week is a proper amount (as it is assumed to be) for a dependent child of twelve or thirteen, then 1s. ought to be enough for a child of five or six. Struck by the beauty of this idea, we began thinking of the price of milk (though we are well aware of the remoteness of the connection between fresh milk and poor children), and found that one pint a day at 3d. a pint multiplied by seven comes to 1s. 9d. We also asked a middle-class friend of moderate means what she spent on the nourishment of her child of eighteen months. After careful calculation—and after we had knocked out extravagances such as grade A milk and the like—the answer was 5s. a week.

There are now nearly 3,000,000 registered unemployed in this country, and the trade depression and efforts to escape its consequences by rationalisation (notice, for example, the railway pooling proposals under examination at this moment by a committee appointed by the Minister of Transport) are continually adding driblets to the host. Can it be pretended that adequate measures are being taken either to keep up the morale and physique of these three millions and their dependents, or to reduce their numbers? We do not expect miracles of the Government. But we want something more effective than reduced benefits and poor law doles, tinkering at means tests, vague promises to give "careful consideration" to the belated report of a Royal Commission, and vaguer hopes of what tariffs will do. And, above all, we want something less fatuous than economies in public expenditure which diminish the available volume of useful, and indeed of necessary, work. "A nation which approaches the winter with nearly 3,000,000 of its citizens unemployed," says the *Times* with unconscious irony, "is bound to examine every means of increasing productive employment, no matter whether State or private enterprise be the method suggested." Our National Government, if we are to believe its spokesmen and champions, has been constantly examining these means — and as constantly finding grounds for rejecting them. Slum clearance schemes, harbour or drainage works, land settlement, afforestation—all are impracticable. If that is so, if nothing except "cuts" and feeding the working-class dog on wind and its own tail is practicable, then it seems that capitalism is condemning itself out of its own mouth. It may be right in adopting this defeatist attitude. But, for our part, we think Mr. MacDonald and his friends are exaggerating their impotence, and we still hope that they will try some better prophylactic against hunger-marching than overtime for the police.

TEACHING YOUR GRANDMOTHER IN RUSSIA

SHOULD children teach adults? Is it right for children to visit a worker and remonstrate with him for slacking, and argue with him until he agrees to go to the factory and pull his weight with the rest? When our party of educationists were informed by the fifteen-year-old chairman of the Kinghin Commune, a commune for orphans of both sexes run by themselves, that part of their social work consisted in visiting slackers and persuading them to do their duty, many of our members were shocked. Coming from a country where respect for elders ranks high in the list of virtues for the young, it did not seem right that children should tell, nay, force their elders to realise that they were, in fact, unworthy of respect. What, in such circumstances, will become of authority? Where, in the list of virtues, will obedience to elders be found? What will happen to the whole fabric of society?

In that topsy-turvy country, the U.S.S.R., where a factory worker who does his job well is considered worthy of the highest honour, they do not believe that a man who drinks or shirks his job is entitled to, or likely to receive, respect from his children just because he happens to be older than they. To tell children to respect their elders when they are obviously not worthy of respect is considered by these curious people, the Russians, to be destructive of virtue. Equality is a real thing in the U.S.S.R. It means, among other things, the same standard of behaviour for adults as for children. This attitude has brought them up against one of the hardest problems—how to bring the cultural level of the ignorant, superstitious peasant up to that of the generation now at school. How, when there is an acute shortage of cultural workers, is the drunken peasant, prohibition having failed, to be taught to give up his drink? How is the peasant woman who washes the baby's soiled napkins in the water hole of the frozen river to be taught the dangers of contaminating drinking water? How is the illiterate peasant to learn reading and writing, without which he cannot become a really skilled worker either in agriculture or industry? How is the superstitious peasant to be taught that neither relics nor old wives' potions will cure disease, but to believe in the efficacy of hygiene and sanitation? It is to be remembered here that the U.S.S.R. comprises one-sixth of the habitable globe.

All these and many other problems awaited immediate solution; for no drunken, superstitious, dirty man or woman can become a useful citizen of a Communist state. When all adult teachers and workers are needed in the schools and in production, who is to do the cultural work among the backward adults?

Now, the Russians, however little they may understand the psychology of foreign nations, have a remarkably good understanding of child psychology, and they use that understanding. They know full well that children prefer to do real things, because it makes them feel so much more important. However great the fun may be of playing pirates or soldiers, it is nothing compared to the excitement of sallying forth in detachments, invading a factory, surrounding the workers, and declaring war on drunken parents, and, after argument and discussion, to march through the streets announcing their victory to all and sundry. Knowing this, those in authority have not hesitated to use the children in helping to raise the cultural level of the backward population. To a foreigner visiting Soviet Russia and studying its education this movement for the education of the adult by the child is amazing. There is nothing from which these children shrink, nothing which they do not undertake. They range in age from eight to sixteen. If the job is physically too difficult of accomplishment their very attempts shame the adults into carrying it through, as in the case where the children of one school set out to rid the local reservoirs of malarial mosquitoes. The purifying with chemicals was done by the local health department. The urge to the work is given in the school, where the questions of drink, dirt, ignorance, superstition, and sanitation are dealt with from a scientific point of view. In one instance the children were shown pictures of the liver and lungs of a normal man and those of a drunkard. The children copied these on posters, which they hung up in their homes for the benefit of their parents.

Without the preliminary work in the school, without the help in the first place of the teachers, very little would be achieved. In the U.S.S.R. the teacher is expected to be the centre of the social and cultural life of the village or township. Here is a case of a school in the Moscow district: it happened some years ago, where the teacher helped the children, during the cultural campaign, to organise an anti-alcohol day. For two weeks they carried on a competition among the workers for the "best" drunkard in their union. The prize was to be a bottle of vodka, a herring's tail, and a ticket for the hospital. The children had prepared for the workers a placard with questions and answers on alcoholism. They proposed to follow this up with an excursion of workmen to the Museum of the Welfare of Labour. Another school had made, and put up, a list of the amounts spent by the peasant on drink. They calculated that the peasant spent as much in a year as would buy a carpenter's bench, cart wheels, a harrow, a plough, and a pair of boots. Yet one more instance. Some scholars in Vologda began their campaign by putting posters in the workshops, which read:

> We, your children, call on you to give up drinking, to help us to shut drink shops, and to use them as cultural institutions, pioneer clubs, reading rooms, etc. . . . The children whose parents drink are always backward at school. . . . Remember that every bottle of wine you drink would buy a text book or exercise book for your child. . . . Respond to our call and give us the chance of being well developed, healthy and cultured human beings. . . . We must have healthy home surroundings. Signed—
>
> Your children, the Pioneers.

Then, led by the school orchestra, a gaily coloured procession of children stormed the workers' district. Thousands of derisive hurrahs greeted the workers as they came out of the factories. A meeting was held at which the children spoke. The workers were won over, and it was agreed to give up drink.

Perhaps the most urgent problem was the elimination of illiteracy. The children threw themselves into this campaign with a will. They visited all the back streets and alleys of their districts or the outlying huts of their villages and drew up lists of all the illiterates. They frequently met with unpleasant receptions. In one instance a jug of cold water was thrown at the youthful enthusiasts. Having obtained the names they enticed these people to the school. In some cases a room was set apart in the school where the mother pupils could leave their babies in charge of a group of older children who undertook this duty while they had their lessons. More often than not in the village school there was no equipment. The children made cardboard letters. They collected money and bought exercise books and text books. Then, under the guidance of the teachers, they formed themselves into teaching brigades and taught the adult illiterates at school. Those who could not come to the school were taught at home either by their own children or by others.

Hooliganism was very prevalent between 1921 and 1929. Once again the children entered the fray for a better life. In one village the children noted down all the instances of hooliganism in a day, printed them on two big placards, and fixed one up outside the Soviet chamber and the other outside the co-operative store. On these placards was written the name of the hooligans, the offence, and recommendations for future behaviour. Before the end of the day one of the culprits came to the school head and asked to have his name off " to remove his shame." He was sent to the children, who, on receiving an undertaking of good behaviour, took his name off the list. Within a few weeks there were no more cases of hooliganism in that village.

In another small town, " dirty, with innumerable puddles in which the pigs take their baths with innumerable goats," the children, after a discussion with the school dentist, proclaimed a campaign for the use of tooth-brushes by all, parents as well as children. After two days their efforts were successful, and tooth-brushes took their place among the toilet requisites. Alas, for the enthusiasts for personal hygiene, no one knew how to use a tooth-brush! It required a lesson and a tooth-cleaning rehearsal in order that the tooth-brushes might be correctly utilised.

Corporal punishment, either at home or at school, is prohibited by law. A child may summon his parents for beating him. But old customs die hard. The peasant, even though he has become literate, has not always abjured the precepts of Solomon. One day the small son of a Russian acquaintance of mine in Moscow returned home late from school. On being questioned it transpired that a boy in his class had been beaten by the father. The matter was taken up by the Pioneer group, which decided that beating children was an uncivilised, demoralising habit, and therefore could not be tolerated in a Socialist state. It was resolved that four of them should interview this father and persuade him of the error of his ways. All the children were under nine. When these young missionaries for the dignity of childhood arrived the man, not unnaturally, was very angry and proceeded to turn them out. The children refused to go. The inevitable discussion followed, with the result that the father undertook not to beat his child any more.

One might go on quoting instances of the children's work in this sphere indefinitely. But already I hear the protests of readers. What objectionable little prigs these children must be! How shameful to make children do so much out of school! As far as the second protest is concerned, educationists and medical workers in the U.S.S.R. realised some time ago that too great a demand was being made on the child. A decree was issued signed by Bubnov, Commissar for Education, and Vladimirsky, Commissar for Health, limiting the hours and the amount of after-school work. It is still more than the children of the well-to-do spend in England in after-school social work, but is considerably less than the children of the English workers have to spend in helping with household tasks or doing outside work to increase the family income.

What are these children really like? Speaking Russian, I had many opportunities of talking with dozens and dozens of them, in school, in their own theatre, in the children's colonies, and in the street. Once I held a sort of meeting, unpremeditated and unrehearsed, of about fifty children outside our hotel in Leningrad (much to the displeasure of the manager). They are certainly more responsible than children of the same age in England. They have a realisation of their duties as future citizens of a Communist state. With it all I found them very jolly, full of life and fun, much interested in life abroad, and certainly not priggish. It must be remembered that the participation of children in cultural work is only temporary. According to plan there will soon be no illiterates at all and the number of qualified adult cultural workers will have increased enormously, so that the need for the child teacher will disappear. In a Communist state the child will, no doubt, find something else as exciting as an attack on parents who drink.

BEATRICE L. KING.

A LONDON DIARY

PEOPLE will say anything during an election; but few say things as difficult to support as Mr. Hoover's statement that the Presidential campaign now reaching its astonishing climax is a contest not between two men or two parties, but between two " philosophies of Government." No American I've yet talked to could discover any differences of philosophy between Hoover and Roosevelt. But they all stress the electoral importance of the appearance of the two candidates. One American friend, indeed, remarked that in this respect Roosevelt had a quite unfair advantage. He is not quite so remarkable a man as he looks and sounds, and Mr. Hoover is not quite so ignominious. At the peak of prosperity Mr. Hoover's plump, rich appearance, and his confident phrases—" Two cars in every garage," and all the rest of it—were just the thing. With twelve million or so unemployed bland prosperity and autosuggested cheerfulness seem almost insulting. Mr. Roosevelt gives just the opposite impression. Ten years ago he was crippled with infantile paralysis. The concentration of will-power that was needed to outface this accident, and the suffering entailed by the long effort to win back to normal life, left their mark on him. He still walks with great difficulty and with the aid of two canes; but apart from this he has a vigorous, athletic frame, so that in body as well as face he suggests the combination of strength and pain—a cruel contrast to Mr. Hoover, who looks like something that has been softened by being left too long in a Turkish bath. And, finally, Mr. Roosevelt has a magnificent voice. The first moment I heard it I felt that here at last was a voice fit for reading Milton. Mr. Hoover, unhappily, squeaks and has an unpleasing accent.

* * *

I think that the medical profession should revise its rules of professional etiquette. Here is a curious case. A friend of mine, whom I will call A. B., has at the head of one of the departments of his business Miss C. A. B. is an employer who takes an interest in the personal welfare of his employees, and Miss C. has been a considerable time in his employ. During the past year Miss C. has been continually getting ill with colds which turn to influenza, pleurisy, or some fairly serious affection of the throat or chest, and which have necessitated her being away from her work for over six months out of twelve. After the last attack A. B. suggested to Miss C. that she should see his doctor at his expense with a view to finding out whether something could be done by inoculation or other method to prevent her catching the colds which start the more serious illnesses. Miss C. at once consented. One of Miss C.'s relations informed the doctor who had attended her and her family of the proposed consultation, whereupon he informed Miss C.'s father that if Miss C. saw A. B.'s doctor he would never attend any member of Miss C.'s family again. Mr. C., appalled by the prospect of losing the services of a doctor who had attended him for thirty years, rang up A. B., and the result of an agitated conversation was that Miss C. is not allowed to see A. B.'s doctor. Middle-class people are always complaining of the rules and regulations of Trade Unions affiliated to the T.U.C., but I have never heard of a Trade Union rule which equalled for unreasonableness this " professional etiquette " of the doctors.

* * *

It was obvious, even before the publication of D. H. Lawrence's *Letters*, that it would be impossible to persuade people seriously to consider the significance of his work until everyone who knew him had said their say about his personality. If only for that reason, I am glad to hear that Mrs. Carswell's account of him, *Savage Pilgrimage*, which was withdrawn because Mr. Middleton Murry threatened legal proceedings, is now to be issued by another publisher. There was a difference of legal opinion about whether the book was actionable in the first place. Mr. Murry was asked to smooth his own ruffled plumage by contributing a chapter or preface of his own. He refused. A few corrections of detail and alterations due to the appearance of new materials have been made for the new edition, but I'm told that most of the forty-two passages to which he objected still remain unchanged. Mr. Murry continues his threats of legal action, and is in any case producing a second book of his own, giving further reminiscences of Lawrence. It is a curious fact that some of the passages in *The Savage Pilgrimage* to which Mr. Murry now objects were first published in the *Adelphi*, of which Mr. Murry was then editor. I shall be glad when it is all over and we can get a glimpse of Lawrence himself.

* * *

Railway companies naturally complain of the competition of motor traffic, but I wonder whether they could not do even more than they do already to cater for the new walking public? Here is a suggestion, as far as I know a novel one. Why should not the Southern Railway, for instance, under the direction of a guide such as Mr. S. P. B. Mais, run what may be termed " Rail and Hike " trains? The hiking hostels—one of the best developments in modern England—do not suit all requirements, and I believe there are many young men and women who would appreciate the attraction of a fortnight's walking in the summer or a week-end's walking in the winter, with a train to take them from one district to another and to act as a base in which they would sleep, breakfast, and dine. The train would travel by night, halting at a siding through the day, and there would, no doubt, have to be a guide to arrange the walking parties and to plan dances and amusements of one sort or another in the evenings. In this way walkers could see much of the best of the West and South of England during a short holiday. There are worse ways of spending a wet afternoon than reading or playing games in a railway carriage, and a further advantage of this hiking *de luxe* would be that one could carry a good-sized suitcase and yet not be burdened with more than a small haversack on the march. I should say that the railway companies throughout the country might well arrange for tours of this kind at very moderate charges, and even find it worth while to fit carriages with a little special and inexpensive equipment.

* * *

I gather that the Workers' Travel Association has been prevented from setting up a working-class hostel at Bonchurch, in the Isle of Wight. Local opposition killed the project. The character of the local opposition is best explained by a letter from Lady Martin Harvey :

> As owner of The Cottage, Bonchurch, Lady Martin Harvey wishes to make a very strong protest against the conversion of Westfield into a Labour Hostel.
>
> As far as she is concerned, it would mean that she would have to give up her house, which has become very dear to her, and which she had hoped would always be associated with her name. She also owns a plot of ground in the Churchyard, where both she and Sir John hope to be buried. Such a disastrous step would naturally mean that she would have to reconsider her future plans.

* * *

> A class of unemployed exists, and in great numbers, of men who are Englishmen, men with the traditional patriotism and loyalty known the world over. . . . They are of the class whose shoulders straighten on hearing a military band and whose eyes brighten on seeing a member of the Royal Family.—A Correspondent in *The Daily Telegraph.*

* * *

> The Leicester-square Theatre yesterday added another spectacle to its impressive list of mass presentations. Forty or fifty girls lie on their backs and kick energetically to the rhythm of two bands. —Evening Paper, October 26, 1932.

CRITIC.

THE BOAST

MOST of us found the tumbling rains of the past month merely boring. Even those of us who have been accustomed to defend rain as one of the glories of Nature all but lost patience with it during the gusty foulness of the last week-end. Ordinary rain is all very well for the young and stalwart, but what is to be said in favour of floods that chase mighty footballers from the field and under the chill of which hardened referees are carried fainting to the pavilion? " Nature I loved," said the poet, but he spent a good deal of his time under the sunny skies of Italy. I defy any man to say that he loved Nature as she revealed herself last Saturday in the suburbs of London.

Yet even during the miseries of October there were a few joyful spirits whose eyes brightened every morning that threatened or promised the world another grey deluge. They were the people who keep rain-gauges, the people for whom every inch of rain above the average is a kind of personal triumph. They are supremely happy only when there is no rain at all, or next to none, with the result that crops languish and men and beasts are in despair, or when there is such a tidal wave of rain that roads and river-banks are flooded and mud and misery are the universal lot. Either extreme is to them an exciting event. They watch their wretched rain-gauges as Australian boys watch Bradman's cricket, and an additional inch of rain is for them the equivalent of twenty runs in a Test match. They recall odious Augusts of perpetual pelting storms with the enthusiasm of sportsmen looking back to occasions on which Ranjitsinhji scored a double century. The wetter the month the more genial is their memory of it. The only drop of bitterness in their cup is the fact that they were born too late to be able to measure the rainfall during Noah's Flood.

A number of these maleficent beings have been writing to the press during the past few days boasting of the excessive rainfall in their respective districts. One of them is particularly happy because the rainfall in his district has been the worst for twenty-one years. Another takes even greater pride in remembering still more detestable Octobers and in giving their dates. Not one of them, so far as I have discovered, expresses the slightest sympathy with the vast majority of their fellow-countrymen who have been the victims of what, after all, is the most selfish of amusements. Give a man a rain-gauge and the whole world may go to pieces so far as he cares, provided it rains. There may, I admit, be method in the rain-measurer's madness. It is arguable that he is a philosopher, extracting good from evil and making the best of a bad business. He knows that he cannot stop the rain, even if he wanted to do so, and he therefore decides to use it for his own purposes of amusement and self-glorification. He has taught himself to boast when the common man only curses. He is the real discoverer of the silver lining which, the proverb assures us, is possessed by every cloud.

Possibly, in this, he is only doing what wise men have always done in face of misery and misfortune. Many a child learns early in life to turn even its illnesses into boasts. I confess I used to feel a slight pang of envy in presence of boys who had nearly died of scarlatina, which had never come my way, and the other boys did not conceal their feeling that in this matter they were my superiors. I myself could not help looking down on a boy who had never had whooping-cough, and I suspect that many boys who had never had measles were so ashamed of their lack of experience that they made lying claims to have been through that once universal illness. I cannot say that, apart from measles and colds just bad enough to keep one from school, I ever enjoyed being ill; but I felt that I had scored over my contemporaries with a bout of jaundice. Even chicken-pox I was glad to have been through, and to the present day I am inclined to remember with considerable satisfaction that I was once blinded by the sting of a horse-fly.

Who, on looking back over his life, would like to be able to say that nothing unpleasant had ever happened to him? To look back over the past as on a vacuous and monotonous plain of good fortune—why, one would begin to wonder whether one's life had been worth living. One would undoubtedly have a shameful sense of inferiority in the presence of men who had been subjected to the common miseries of the race. No man has ever shunned danger or pain with more determined caution than I, and even to-day no man experiences greater terror at the prospect of a visit to a dentist, but I should not feel happier if nothing but what was pleasant had ever happened to me. Even to have been nearly drowned is something enjoyable to look back on, and I would not have missed having my pocket picked for all the money I lost at the time.

Obviously, this belated optimism applies only to the minor miseries of life—the miseries that are little more than a temporary trip or momentary injury. Yet the spirit of boastfulness creeps in even among perils and disasters as soon as unpleasantness gives way to safety. It was noticeable during the war that after an air raid on London the most boastful citizens were those near whose houses a fragment of shell had fallen. Those who had seen a Zeppelin brought down in flames were conscious of their superiority to those who had missed the sight, but both were as nothing compared with the man whose house a bomb had just missed. All through history men have plucked cheerfulness from miserable circumstances in this fashion. Othello would not have won Desdemona's ear so easily if he had lived through a golden age of peace and had been unable to boast how near death he had often been. Brave men, I imagine, are often elated in the presence of danger by a curious sense that their lives are richer for the experience. I met the other day a man who joined the Army after leaving school, but only in time to reach the Front on the day of the armistice. He told me that the declaration of the armistice caused him the acutest misery, and added that he would gladly give an arm or an eye to have been through the war. This craving for experiences is one of the things that make the triumph of pacifism difficult. Only when the experience of peace seems as rich to the imagination as the experience of (imaginary) war will the heroic young be satisfied with it.

To live in troubled times would never have been my choice, but I believe it would be the deliberate choice of many livelier spirits. I had a letter from a friend in Ireland the other day who took an extremely pessimistic view of the present situation, but he added: "You and I picked the ideal time in the world's history to be born in. I would not have missed it for anything." I myself would not like to have missed the time, but I wish that about three-quarters of the things that have happened in the time had not happened and that about nine-tenths of the things that are happening to-day were not happening. If the sky cleared to-morrow, and the sun of perpetual peace shone over the whole earth, I should no doubt begin to feel a little boastful about having lived through some of the most catastrophic years in the world's history, and, ten years hence, should find myself telling the wide-eyed children of a new generation how one could scarcely buy a pot of jam towards the end of the Great War, how bad the bread got, and how expensive the whisky. There would be a tale, too, of tottering thrones, of revolution and riot, and of a peace that was no peace but a nightmare. Looking back on it, one would find it quite interesting, and, if one could tell the story well, the children of a more peaceful world would, no doubt, envy one for having lived through such wonderfully exciting years. At the same time, the foul weather is lasting a little too long. The record has already been broken, and there is no need for anything more in that sort. I find no pleasure in gauging the insanity of mankind and myself. The only bright spot on the horizon is the possibility that, if one lives long enough, one will one day be able to boast that one was a spectator of a very remarkable period in human affairs—a period that one is tempted to wish at times had fallen to the lot of an earlier generation.

Y. Y.

ENGLAND'S PREPAREDNESS

PLAINLY discernible to all who look steadily at the countryside to-day are two opposing forces engaged in a strife of which neither is aware. The more potent is the force that wastes our homeland and renders the farmer's efforts nugatory, that piles up losses and robs men of hope and enterprise. The other force is wielded by the scientist and the agricultural engineer who, ignoring the obstacles to progress, move steadily on in search for improved methods of production.

For some of us who foresee a time, not distant, when the men who have charge of our destinies will appeal to the farmers, or at least to the farm, to come to the aid of the cities, there remains much that is cheering in the prospect. Some fifteen years have passed since England was called upon to make a big effort to provide home-grown food and release a diminishing tonnage. Her effort had magnificent results; though fertilisers were scarce and dear, for tractors we had Fordsons with nothing better than Oliver ploughs, and for cultivators nothing more handy than steam engine and cable. It was still necessary to leave corn to dry in the stack after a wet harvest; nobody had thought of applying to the home soil the more efficient methods that prevailed already in far-off lands.

Judged by external signs and nothing more, our agricultural conditions go from bad to worse. The latest available returns show a decline of nearly 60,000 in the numbers of all classes of agricultural workers in the past four years. The estimated value of agricultural and horticultural produce sold off farms in England and Wales has fallen steadily; for the year 1924-25 it was two hundred and thirty-five millions, for 1930-31 under one hundred and ninety-seven millions. The total area of crops and grass in 1931 was nearly half a million acres less than the ten years' average. Wheat, too, was half a million acres below the corresponding figure and lost 150,000 acres to 1930. Generally speaking, the farmer's prices are well below the pre-war levels, when his labour costs were little more than half of what they are to-day. Many an agricultural labourer with so much as one son in employment has a bigger income than his employer, indeed many employers are living on the last of their capital or credit. Cattle, sheep and pigs showed an increase that has been reflected in disastrous sales. Only the farmer knows how bad prices have been; the consumer, of course, has enjoyed but a scanty share of the resultant benefits. A single example may illumine the position. I was talking the other day with one of the most progressive farmers in the country. He told me of a consignment of in-lamb ewes he bought in the spring. They averaged a lamb and a half and did well, and he sold the lot last month in open market for 5s. less than he paid for the ewes alone just six months ago. Since then ewes have been sold in open market for a shilling apiece and lambs for four. Uncertainty, lack of organisation, divided counsels, the use of old methods for want of cash and knowledge, all these drawbacks emphasise the fact that the farming community is leaderless, and its horror of control would be pathetic if it were not ridiculous. In the present state no concerted effort on a truly national scale is possible, but if it should be that such an effort is demanded there never was a time in our history when the possibilities of rapid progress were so much in evidence.

There is not in England to-day any soil that can be regarded as altogether intractable. In the last few months a new machine has been at work in England; through the kindness of a good friend I was directed to it in Lincolnshire. It weighs about eighteen tons, travels on the track-laying principle, and can reduce to the pliability of a feather-bed the first eighteen inches of really heavy lands without bringing to the surface any appreciable quantity of dead soil. The pans that remained when the plough had passed are broken now, and to a depth far below the needs of normal cultivation; the land is aerated. In the fens I saw this giant machine working for bulb growers. At the time of writing only one has been sold in England, and small wonder, for the price is, I believe, £6,000. But the manufacturers are prepared to cultivate land at the rate of an acre an hour at the price of 30s. an acre, a charge that should within a little while be reduced considerably, and for the purposes of the ordinary four-course rotation this would suffice the full four years. Nobody knows yet what the results of treatment will be or how far the smaller machine that cultivates no more than twelve inches deep and will shortly be placed on the market will serve normal husbandry quite effectively, but the value of this work is beyond question. I walked over a field of just treated and felt my feet sinking deep at every step where in all probability no foot has sunk since the first plough broke the soil. Weather is a matter of no importance, the machine's revolving arms will grind land to a fine tilth. By a clever device, if a big obstacle is encountered, a boulder or a buried tree trunk, for example, the nuts that hold the revolving arms break off and can be easily and readily replaced. Here, then, is a new machine for national use in time of emergency, capable of working twenty-four hours a day if need be, and emphasising yet again the value of the track-laying type.

On the other side of mechanised farm work we find small tractors increasing in power and capacity and conducting several acts of husbandry at one and the same time, to the saving of labour and reduction of cost. One hears of farmers like Alley Brothers of North Norfolk, whose tractors plough seventeen acres a day. At Wellingore, Mr. Geoffrey Nevile has solved the problem of the drier, the machine that, by reducing the moisture of wet grain, can make it marketable a day after it has been threshed by the combine-harvester. Fantastic figures, many hundreds of pounds, were being asked for these drying machines, but I have seen two at work on Mr. Nevile's farms that did not cost a hundred pounds apiece, and a firm in Lincoln is producing them to a specification that owes something of its effectiveness to Mr. Nevile's experiments. We hear of engineering firms that are going to make a big effort to compete with the American tractor. One proposes to put a track-laying machine on the market in a little while. When the first breeze of prosperity blows through farmland, or when the difficulty of paying for foreign grown food becomes more evident, we shall at least be in a position to do very much more than was possible in 1918, and, above all, to do it at a reasonable price. In the fourteen years that have elapsed the hand plough and horse team have become well-nigh obsolete, even though the horse will remain with us, while the labours and the length of harvesting have been reduced to an incredible extent. There is no longer any occasion to set up the sheaves and make a stack and thatch it; the field cut to-day may yield a cash sale the day after to-morrow. Delayed turnover has ever been one of the farmer's greatest handicaps; nowadays the tendency is for speeding up, for bringing livestock and corn to the market at the earliest possible moment. At the same time, the fertiliser problem has been solved, in part at least, by Imperial Chemicals. Never had the farmer a better or more extended choice of every soil-feeder; never were prices more inviting, never was experiment more painstaking. Stock farming has registered many improvements, with open-air systems for dairy cows and pigs, milking machines, the gradual recognition that you cannot carry bullocks for an indefinite period and make profit on them, and that the heavier breeds of sheep for folding are no longer necessary on arable land. All these things are common knowledge at last. An immense amount of experience has been garnered in an attempt to face the competition of the ranches and the prairies of far-off lands. But in England and Wales we have some 400,000 agricultural holdings of which little more than three per cent. are above 300 acres in size, and in this we find the real limiting factor.

Readers of Rudyard Kipling's story of the ship that found herself may accept it as an illustration of the conditions that prevail in rural England to-day. Every interest is clamant. The vast asset of home production is being sacrificed because it has neither a beginning, a middle, nor an end. We are still relying upon dwindling exports to finance our food supplies; still fighting in the high places for the shipping interest that has filled our estuaries with mute witnesses of an undeserved failure. We allow our farms to fall derelict and our workers to increase the burden of the towns. Yet, side by side with this failure to grasp a problem vital to the State, we find the means of grappling effectively with it multiplying on every hand. There are men of wide knowledge and long experience in this country who are satisfied that with adequate organisation we could reduce our food imports by at least two hundred million pounds a year, take a quarter of a million men off the dole even while reducing the numbers required for the service of plough-lands, and produce food at competitive prices—provided always that middlemen are controlled. S. L. B.

"THE TRIUMPH OF UNARMED FORCES"

(*With acknowledgments for the phrase to Admiral Consett.*)

THOSE who insist that our mental capacity
Never will master our inborn pugnacity
Look on disarmament schemes with disdain.
" How," they demand, " if the Pacifists' labours
End by converting to ploughshares our sabres,
Shall we, when feeling displeased with our neighbours,
Give to our natural passions the rein? "

Let them take comfort! Though tanks be denied by us,
" Peaceful persuasion " may still be applied by us;
Tariffs and Quotas will come to our aid.
Let them take note of the cables depicting
England and Ireland, insanely restricting
Markets and exports, and gaily inflicting
All the distress of a mutual blockade.

Daily there's " news from the front " in the press for us;
Brilliant successes that mean more distress for us,
Hatred increasing and commerce laid flat—
" Farming in Ireland is faced with destruction "—
" Factories closing: grave fears of a ruction "—
" Imports from Britain: stupendous reduction "—
What could war give us much better than that?

Need then the lovers of inborn pugnacity
Worry so much, if some flash of sagacity
Limits temptations to maim and to kill?
While we are bent upon wrong-head courses,
While we have statesmen who ride on high horses,
Still we shall fight, though " unarmed " be our " forces "—
Peace is, alas! an affair of good will.

MACFLECKNOE.

Correspondence

POLICE AND UNEMPLOYED

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

Sir,—The attitude of friends of mine who did not see the marchers in the Park is something like this. "Poor devils," they say, "isn't it a shame that they should have been so misled by those damned Communists? What could they hope to get out of their painful journey? Nothing, of course. Only some blood-letting, mostly at the expense of the wrong people. What's the use of showing us unemployment here, as if we needed the reminder? And it seems, by the way, that most of them had quite good boots." Well, there's some truth in all this, and I can well understand the distaste of comfortable people for being made uncomfortable by the visible challenge of Hungry England. But if they had been there in the Park, and seen that puzzled crowd running in front of the mounted police, and stood waiting and waiting for the Glasgow men to start their procession, if they had noticed the way they behaved to each other and had watched the passing faces and the cheap banners, and heard the ragged singing, they would have felt that these are our people saying something urgent and important in the place where it most needs saying. Last week I was seeing those men's fellows in Glasgow and Manchester; but up there, in the gloom of their own streets, they couldn't express what their presence expresses here. Oh, yes, there were some sturdy young men, some decent boots. Doesn't it make one ashamed and sick to see the complacent letters in the *Times* pointing this out? How could they walk to London in October from Wales or over the Shap if they hadn't sound physique and something on their feet? There were many ghastly faces too, especially from the area around London: white hopeless faces of men ill-born to start with, men with not one square meal inside them from the week's beginning to the end.

J. L. Hodson says, at the end of his recent survey of the Means Test, "were Parliament sitting in Glasgow or Merthyr or Blackburn or Jarrow or Sheffield, the Government wouldn't be refusing to sanction or aid or invent relief work. They would be courageous and enterprising and audacious in finding employment of some sort, somehow, for millions of men, women and children who are decaying in mind and body through prolonged idleness. I beseech them to use their imaginations." Those men came not just because some Communist leader thought they'd help to upset the apple-cart, but because they desperately wanted to *do something*, to speak somehow for the England that isn't being used. They did this thing together.

Beyond the trees of the Park, the unending silhouette of marchers' heads, varied now and again by a lifted group of horsemen, had the lighted palaces of Park Lane for a background. As they streamed out into Park Lane they were singing "Underneath the Arches": and then a woman in the march cried out the conventional "Are we downhearted?" and won, of course, the conventional shout of "No." Quickly she followed it up with another cry, "Will we fight?" "Yes."

At last the Park was left empty, save for a litter of paper. A few ambulances slid away through the thick dusk, ringing their mournful bells, removing another kind of "litter." And I went home feeling that those marchers had, in a dumb desperate way, succeeded in doing their bit, speaking their word, for the hungry England which we comfortable Londoners would fain forget.

W.

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—From the papers of to-day's date I see that the Home Secretary has commended the police upon their good behaviour at the demonstration of the hunger-marchers in Hyde Park.

I desire to make a protest in the strongest possible terms against this statement.

Accompanied by my friend, Mr. Reginald A. Reynolds, General Secretary of the No More War Movement, I went to Hyde Park to see for myself how much truth there was in the statements that the police treated the unemployed demonstrations as an occasion for beating up people.

Arrived at the Park, Mr. Reynolds and myself proceeded on to the grass where the meetings were taking place in an atmosphere of complete peacefulness. Meeting a friend we were told that a man had just been beaten up in the Edgware Road. Mr. Reynolds and myself proceeded to the Edgware Road, where, standing upon the pavement, we watched what was happening. There was a lot of booing going on from the unemployed towards the police gathered there, but otherwise no sign of any kind of disorder or disturbance being created by the unemployed. Suddenly, for no apparent reason, the mounted police accompanied by foot police began to charge the crowd right and left, the mounted police produced long wooden staves with which they began to belabour anybody who happened to fall foul of them, both unemployed and innocent spectators and passers-by. Next, the mounted police made a charge into Hyde Park at the Marble Arch end, and proceeded to lay about innocent citizens and unemployed alike with their staves. Mr. Reynolds and myself thinking to get out of the rush started to cross from one of the islands to a side path, when suddenly a voice yelled out to us to "Look out."

Turning round we were faced with a body of mounted police bearing down upon us, one of whom made a rush at Mr. Reynolds with his stave, at the same time calling out "Get out of the b— road or—." Wishing to oblige this gentleman, Mr. Reynolds jumped an iron railing on to the grass, and in the process ran one of the spikes clean into his hand, while the next moment the mounted policeman and his horse smashed down upon the spot where Mr. Reynolds has previously stood.

The next performance of these riders was to charge into the peaceful groups standing around the meetings. People were forced to run for their lives in order to escape being trampled upon by the police horses or beaten by staves. There was no kind of disorder at any of these meetings, and no reason at all for the police to charge into them in the wanton way they did.

There had been no kind of disorder so far as Mr. Reynolds and myself could see, and we had kept a careful look out for it; but it was scarcely to be wondered at that at this point some of the unemployed resented the methods of Bombay in London, and proceeded to strip some of the trees of branches and throw them at the police. The wonder is that with the provocation the unemployed and the public had from the police they did not go to further lengths.

This is a simple statement of events as seen by myself and Mr. Reynolds, and for which both of us can vouch.

In the interest of the public it would be of some importance to know just what kind of instructions are issued to the police on occasions of this kind, whether they are instructed to beat up indiscriminately the ordinary citizen at a given point, and what kind of authority it is that is able to control a body of men who have obviously got out of control themselves, as they were yesterday at Hyde Park.

JAMES L. GRANT.

Rosebay, Heath Common,
Storrington, Sussex.
October 28th.

[We have received several other letters to the same effect.—ED. *N. S. & N.*]

AN IRISH REPUBLIC

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—After perusing the opening paragraph of Mr. R. A. Scott-James's article on "An Irish Republic," I could not feel otherwise than envious of the placidity of conscience which he manifestly enjoys with regard to his country's position in the present Anglo-Irish dispute. At the risk of disturbing that placidity, which I am sure is shared by many of his compatriots, I crave your permission to place before him some aspects of Anglo-Irish relations since the Treaty which, I am sure, for the sake of his mind's ease he does not often advert to.

The insistence of Great Britain on the maintenance of the Oath as a test for admission to the Free State Parliament cost the country a civil war and deprived it of all prospects of domestic peace. It cost Great Britain nothing, but it made the association of the Free State with the British Commonwealth a forced association, and with every year that passed lessened the possibility of a free association. Whatever the "legal right" of the British attitude (which is doubtful) Mr. Scott-James might have omitted the reference to "moral right" because the majority of Southern Ireland never thought the Treaty, with its Oath and restrictions, was a just one. They acquiesced in it as an alternative to "immediate and terrible war."

The Government of Ireland Act, 1920, gave the Land Purchase Annuities to Northern and Southern Ireland—avowedly as compensation for over-taxation in the past. The former retains them. The Treaty did not take them away from the latter, but the British Government by devious and dark ways did so for ten years. When challenged for a title to them a secret agreement in every line of which the word "shame" is written was boldly produced and an economic war was declared because it was not instantly accepted as a valid instrument. The unfortunate Free State signatory of the agreement, Mr. Cosgrave, who was "bamboozled" into signing it without receiving a shred of a *quid pro quo*, justifies himself by stating that in signing he believed he was not giving away the annuities but was merely avoiding the expense of administering the Land Stock. He does not say who on the British side told him he was responsible for the administration of Land Stock, but the British Government knows, and knows that whoever told him so deceived him and got the agreement, such as it is, on false pretences. This agreement and its younger brother of 1926, obtained in similar circumstances, are the basis of Great Britain's "legal and moral right" in the dispute. Mr. Scott-James is welcome to feel righteous about it if he cares to.

The other items (amounting to over two millions annually) surrendered in the agreements are on a par with the Land Annuities, and the net result is that during the past ten years the Free State, *which was solemnly released from all liability for British Public Debt*, has paid to Great Britain a sum exceeding fifty-one million pounds, while Northern Ireland, bearing the weight of Imperial debt on her shoulders, but retaining her Land Annuities, has paid about six millions, though the relative taxable capacities of the two areas are laid down in the Government of Ireland Act as 14 to 11. Great are the British gods of "legality" and "morality"!

Mr. Scott-James's proposals for ascertaining the strength of the demand for an Irish Republic are conceived in a spirit of fairness, but may I remind him then, British Statutes notwithstanding, that Ireland is one, and that it is Ireland, and not one of the parts into which it has been arbitrarily divided, that must ultimately decide the question of political status. Is Mr. Scott-James willing to let Ireland so decide now or does he recommend that partition shall be maintained in the British interest until Ireland shall be strong enough and united enough to end it for herself, which she will as assuredly do as she will one day recover her "Gibraltars" in Cork and Donegal.

Dail Eireann. Patrick J. Little, T.D.

HOUSING DISTRESS

To the Editor of The New Statesman and Nation.

Sir,—May I emphasise a point made by "B. B." in the interesting article on "House Distress in that Enormous Wen"? Your contributor rightly urges that the recommendations of the Inter-Departmental Committee on Rent Restriction, if adopted, will increase the misery of the present position of thousands of London tenants, since houses in London with a rateable value of more than £45 will be decontrolled, and those with a rateable value of over £20 and under £45 will still be subject to the process of decontrol established by the 1923 Act. The majority of poor London families live in rooms in a tenement house. Sometimes the house is let out in floors, but it is usual to find every variety of sub-division—e.g., one family occupying two rooms on the top floor and a room on the first floor, another occupying the basement and part of the ground floor, another a single room on the first floor, and so on. In no case are sets of rooms in such houses separately assessed—so that new legislation on the lines suggested would at once decontrol the rents of rooms in all the larger tenement houses and the position of occupants of the smaller tenement houses would be, if not worse, no better than it is to-day. I will quote two typical examples only.

A.—*A ten-roomed tenement.* Rateable value £47, rented as follows :—

Basement, two rooms—rent 8s. 8d.	Tenant X has three children and is unemployed.
Ground floor, three rooms (or two rooms and ante-room)—rent 11s. 10d.	Tenant Y has one child. Average income about £2 15s.
First floor, three rooms (as ground floor)—rent 12s. 5d.	Tenant Z has five children (one of whom is earning). Total family income averages £4 17s. a week.
Second floor front, one room—rent 6s. 11d.	Tenant M has three children. Disablement benefit and Public Assistance.
Second floor back, one room—rent 4s. 3d.	Tenant N. Old Age Pensioner. Also has Public Assistance.

B.—*A seven-roomed tenement.*	Rateable value £32.
Basement, front, and ground floor (back basement is wash-house), three rooms—rent 11s. 9d.	Tenant R has four children. Occasionally gets a day's work.—otherwise draws U.I.B.
First floor, two rooms—rent 9s. 10d.	Tenant is a widow with no pension. Two daughters, one of whom is unemployed.
Second floor, two rooms—rent 8s. 11d.	Tenant T has six children. Occasionally employed as a painter at about £3 a week—otherwise unemployed.

It is obvious that the rateable values of these houses are comparatively high because of the number of rooms and lettings, not because the tenants are not poor.

In conclusion, I should like more details of "B. B's" proposed form of Whitley Council. It does not appear to me that such a Council would prevent the majority of owners of this class of property from charging as much as they could get for decontrolled rooms. Irene T. Barclay.

96 Seymour Street, N.W.1.

LABOUR AND THE JOINT STOCK BANKS

To the Editor of The New Statesman and Nation.

Sir,—In his second letter, Mr. Davenport at any rate begins to argue the merits of the case for and against socialising the joint stock banks. Good! For I too can now answer the real arguments, instead of the scare-mongering about the reactions of the "liberal-minded voter" to which he devoted his previous letter.

(1) Mr. Davenport points out that the socialisation of the joint stock banks is no guarantee that an increased supply of credit will be used for industrial development. Agreed. No one supposes that it is taken by itself. It is urged not as a policy complete in itself, but simply as one essential element in a Socialist policy of organised planning.

(2) Mr. Davenport leaps to the conclusion that "to make a Socialist economic plan work it will be necessary to nationalise all the basic industries of the country." Doubtless it will, in order to make such a plan work completely. But I certainly do not contemplate that an incoming Socialist Government—unless the situation were to develop on sheerly revolutionary lines—would or could socialise all the basic industries simultaneously and immediately. It would begin with some, and go on later to others; and in the meantime it would need directly to control those it did not at once socialise by controlling, *inter alia*, the supply of credit available for their use.

(3) Mr. Davenport looks forward to socialised industries banking with the Bank of England rather than with the joint stock banks. I do not. I think it is important to keep the Central Bank, at any rate in the transition period with which we are dealing, mainly to its functions as a regulator of the total volume of credit and currency, and hence of price-levels, and as a "lender of last resort." The Bank of England could not become an industrial banker on a large scale either without prejudice to these functions, or without establishing an elaborate branch system which would largely duplicate the organisation of the joint stock banks.

(4) Mr. Davenport thinks that the joint stock banks will become merely the savings deposit banks of private traders. Possibly—in the long run, if it is found in the long run better to set up other agencies in their place. But I am not talking—and the delegates at Leicester were not talking—about the long run, but about the strategical requirements of an immediate short-run Socialist policy.

(5) Mr. Davenport says that it is absurd to suppose that a Socialist State would function through the existing financial agencies of private enterprise even if "nationalised." Then why nationalise the Bank of England, as he wishes to do? Is it not one of the existing financial agencies of private enterprise? Moreover, who is talking about how the Socialist State would function? We are discussing the methods of taking the first steps from Capitalism to Socialism, which is quite a different matter from the functioning of the Socialist State of the future.

(6) Mr. Davenport asks whether I wish the socialised banks to lend to unsound borrowers. No; but I think the estimate of a Socialist planning authority and that of a joint stock banker about the soundness or unsoundness of particular borrowers may differ. I can foresee the bankers regarding most borrowers

as unsound as long as a Socialist Government remains in being, and thereby forcing a crisis which might imperil its hold on power unless it took them firmly by the scruff of the neck and socialised them.

(7) Mr. Davenport does not want to socialise the joint stock banks because they are "unrationalised." By the same token, I presume he is against socialising either coal, or iron and steel, or cotton, or transport. What does he want to socialise?

(8) Mr. Davenport holds that the Socialist State will need to create the new financial institutions of its own. I agree; and that it will have to create some of these (e.g., a National Investment Board) at once. But the incoming Socialist Government will have its hands full, without creating in a hurry more new institutions than it need. Where it can, it had better take over, and put to Socialist use during the transition, institutions which already exist.

(9) Mr. Davenport thinks the Leicester resolution "pettifogging and childish." Surely this is mere vulgar abuse. Whether the Leicester decision is right or wrong depends on the nature of the general policy which the Labour Party wants an incoming Socialist Government to pursue. If that policy is to be one of "gradualism," the decision to lead off by socialising the joint stock banks as well as the Bank of England may well be wrong. If, on the other hand, the policy is to be based on a quick introduction of Socialist planning over a wide field, the decision is, in my view, undoubtedly right. Mr. Davenport's mistake lies, I fancy, in confusing the structure of the Socialist State, when it has been achieved, with the strategy necessary for achieving it. These two things must be kept clearly distinct, if any clear thinking about policy is to be done. G. D. H. Cole.

Hampstead.

THE SITUATION IN ITALY

To the Editor of The New Statesman and Nation.

Sir,—May I claim from your courtesy the same hospitality in your columns which was accorded in your issue of October 22nd to a friend of your distinguished contributor who writes "A London Diary." It must be my excuse that the friend in question has been thoroughly misinformed as to the situation in Italy.

The King, for example, has never spoken, either in Eritrea or elsewhere, of the alleged "Italian determination to build up a great African empire at the expense of degenerate nations." Moreover, nobody in his senses would see in any talk of degenerate nations an allusion to France.

Secondly, if Italians have been taught to believe that they were chiefly responsible for the Allied victory in the war, a similar criticism might be passed on the British, the French or even the American peoples. Since we all had a share in the victory, it is only human nature that each should claim the greater share for himself. I see no harm in this. I see definite harm, however, in cheap jibes at the expense of the Italian Army, who lost over half a million men for the common cause. The author of the paragraphs to which I am referring would have heard, if he had cared to inquire, that there were several names for the Italian soldier during the war, corresponding to the French *poilu* and the British Tommy. The Alpini were called *Scarponi* from their large snow-boots, the infantry were affectionately known as *Cappelloni,* etc.

Your correspondent has brought up once again the old question of the University teachers, asserting that the professors are required to become members of the Fascist party. Everyone by now should know that this is not so. The whole question was thrashed out in your columns some time ago, when you did me the honour of allowing me to take some part in the discussion.

The only true indictment from your contributor is that the Italian Government "is continually pressing the Italian population to procreation." But I fail to see how this can be construed into a campaign for imperialistic aims. *Crescite et multiplicamina* is, after all, the essential mission of humanity upon earth, and only a rabid militarist would contend that men are bred merely to serve as cannon fodder. Carlo Camagna.

20 Regent's Park Terrace,
Gloucester Gate, N.W.1.

THE BIRCH

To the Editor of The New Statesman and Nation.

Sir,—My evening paper informs me that a young man in London having been charged with robbing a jeweller's shop at the point of the gun has been sent to prison for three years in addition to twenty strokes of the birch. Without condoning the man's action and anticipating the cry of "softness" may I be permitted to raise a small protest against the "eye for an eye" policy that seems so prevalent on the bench to-day?

Distress and poverty are dreadful goads to desperate men, and these days employment so scarce, that investigation into men's circumstances should always be undertaken before such hideous punishment is meted out.

It must be borne in mind that many of the more spectacular crimes of to-day are created by society's harsh economic laws, and as such should be reflected upon before justice in this country becomes merely judicial viciousness.

c/o Mrs. Smith, J. S. Farthing.
1 Priory Road, Sheffield.

GRAHAM WALLAS MEMORIAL

To the Editor of The New Statesman and Nation.

Sir,—As a few among the many friends of the late Professor Graham Wallas, we hope you will allow us the hospitality of your columns to bring to the notice of other friends certain steps that are contemplated to establish a permanent commemoration of his life and work.

In the London School of Economics and Political Science, as was announced by the Chairman at the memorial meeting held on October 19th, he will be commemorated by the setting aside in the new building of a "Wallas Room," to be used primarily for the meetings of discussion societies, but also as a common room or reading room for senior research students, and containing a portrait and a collection of his works. A "Graham Wallas" prize has also been established by two or three anonymous donors.

But Wallas's influence extended so far beyond the School in which he gave most of his formal teaching that we hope that means may be found also for a much wider commemoration. We believe, both from our own feelings and from what has been said to us by others, that there are many who will wish to make their contribution, great or small, to a Memorial Fund, and so give tangible expression to their appreciation of his life and work. The nucleus of such a fund is already available from money subscribed some years ago, and individual gifts have been volunteered to us within the past few days. We have asked Sir William Beveridge accordingly to act as treasurer of such a fund, and contributions can be sent to him at the School of Economics. The form to be taken by the memorial will depend on the funds received, but we should welcome any expressions of opinion by friends who contribute. The alternatives that we should like to consider include an annual Graham Wallas lecture to be given at different centres in London, a medal to be awarded from time to time for the most distinguished public work in his field of studies, a special library to be placed in the Wallas Room or made available for the use of research students, and a scholarship or studentship.

A. L. Bowley.
E. Deller.
J. Scott Lidgett.
Passfield.
Herbert Samuel.
Josiah Stamp.
A. Steel-Maitland.
H. G. Wells.

THE INSTITUTE OF PSYCHO-ANALYSIS

To the Editor of The New Statesman and Nation.

Sir,—A few weeks ago "Critic" showed himself so remarkably well-informed about Freud's recent activities that I was a little surprised to see him express his wonder in last week's The New Statesman and Nation whether the B.B.C. had not made a mistake and confounded the International Psycho-Analytical Association with the Institute of Psycho-Analysis. They made no such mistake. It is true that the two institutions in question have many links in common, and that I have the honour of being the president of both. The differences are these. The International Psycho-Analytical Association is an association composed of eleven constituent international societies, and it meets every two years in congress. It has regulations about the curriculum of training, etc., and from this point of view the Institute of Psycho-Analysis in London, the only one in the Empire, may be regarded as under its control in certain respects in spite of its being in general an autonomous institution. The

Institute here has a school which provides a course of training in psycho-analysis, it runs a free clinic at which all psycho-analysts work, and it organises publication of a journal and books. For any further information please do not hesitate to apply to me. ERNEST JONES, M.D.

81 Harley Street,
London, W.1.

Miscellany

THE GLEANER

SHE is very old, a little sprig of a woman, spare and twisted. The sun is hardly past its noon. She has climbed uphill out of the town, up the hot, white road, with curious, eager, fretting footsteps, half-running, half-walking, as though afraid that some other gleaner will have come up before her. But as far as she can see, into a distance of mellow light under a sky as mild and wonderfully blue as the stray chicory-stars still blooming among the stiff yellow grasses by the roadside, the world is empty. She is alone, high up, insignificantly solitary in a world of pure untrembling light that pours straight down, washing away the summer-green-gloom from the tops of the still trees. There is not even the stirring of a sheep over the land or the flickering of a bird in the sky; nothing to alarm or rival or distract her. Yet she goes on always with that fretting eagerness, as though afraid, not resting or satisfied until she sees the wheatfield before her, empty like the rest of the earth except for that downpour and flood of golden light upon its stubbled slope.

She pushes open the gate, clicks it shut behind her, flaps open her sack, takes one swift and comprehensive glance at the field, and bends her back. Her fingers are rustling like quick mice over the stubble, and the red wheat ears are rustling together in her hands before she has taken another step forward. There is no time for looking or listening or resting. To glean, to fill her sack, to travel over that field before the light is lost; she has no other purpose than that and could understand none.

Long ago, in another century, she also came up to this same field, on just such still, light-flooded afternoons, for this same eternal and unchanging purpose. But not alone; they would glean then, in families, occasionally in villages, with hand-carts and barrows, from early morning until evening, from one gleaning-bell to another. Since it meant so much, since corn was life—that law was as old as time itself—they gleaned incessantly, desperately. Every ear on the face of every field had to be gathered up, and she can remember her mother's fist in her back, harrying her to glean faster, and how, in turn, she also urged her children to go on and on, never to rest until the field was clear and the light had died.

She is already away from the gate, moving quickly out into the field away from the ruts that the wagons have cut and the ears they have smashed into the sun-baked soil. She moves with incredible quickness, fretfully, almost as fearfully as she came up the hill. In her black skirt and blouse, and with her sharp white head for ever near the earth, she looks like a hungry bird, always pecking and nipping at something, never resting, never satisfied.

Her sleeves are rolled up, showing her thin, corn-coloured arms, with the veins knotty and stiff about her bony wrists. Her hands seem to be still young in their quickness and vitality, like the young tips of an old tree, and the intent yet tranquil look on her face is eternal. It is a little, sharp, fleshless, million-wrinkled face; it is like a piece of wood, worn down by time, carved down pitilessly and relentlessly, the softness of the cheeks and mouth and eyes scooped out to make deep hollows, the bone of the cheeks and chin and forehead left high and sharp as knots in the wood. As though years of sun-flooded days in gleaning fields had stained it, the flesh is a soft, shining corn colour. Even the blue dimness of her eyes has become touched by the faintest drop of this corn-coloured radiance—the colour of age, of autumn, of dying, almost of death itself.

In the open field the sun is very hot. Beating down from an autumn angle the force of its light and heat falls full on her back or into her eyes as she zig-zags up and down or across the stubble-rows. She appears to move carelessly, without method, gleaning chance ears as she sees them; she moves, in reality, by instinct, to some ancient and inborn system, unconsciously, but surely as a bird. Miraculously she misses scarcely an ear. She moves incessantly, she looks tireless. Sometimes she glances quickly over her shoulder, across the field, into the sky, with brief unconscious anxiety about something, but the world is empty.

It is as though there is no one in the world except herself who gleans any longer. She is not merely alone: she is the last of the gleaners, the last survivor of an ancient race. Nevertheless, moving across the field under the mellow sun, nipping up the ears in her quick hands, shaking her sack, dragging it over the stubble, she looks eternal. She is doing something that has been done since the beginning of time and is not conscious of it; she is concerned only with the ears, the straws, the length of the stubble, the way she must go. She scarcely notices even the flowers, ground-blooming and creeping flowers that the binder cannot touch, little mouse-carpets of periwinkle and speedwell, purple coronets of knapweed, trumpets of milk-coloured and pink convolvulus, a scabious bursting a mauve bud, bits of starry camomile. Occasionally she is impatient at something—at the straggling length of the stubble, the riot of thistle and coltsfoot that chokes the rows. Nowadays the binder leaves the straw so long and shaggy. Nobody hoes any longer, nobody gleans, nobody troubles. The crop is poor and uneven, and she comes across wastes of thin straw and much green rank twitch where the earth is barren of corn and she scarcely picks an ear, though she never straightens her back and never ceases that mouse-quick searching with her brown hands.

But later, in the heat of the afternoon, with her sack filling up and the sun-heat and bright light playing unbrokenly upon her, she begins unconsciously to move more slowly, a little tired, like a child that has played too long. She will not cover the field, and as she moves there, always solitary, up and down the stubble, empty except for herself and a rook or two, she begins to look smaller and the field larger and larger about her.

At last she straightens her back. It is her first conscious sign of weariness. She justifies it by looking into the sky and over the autumn-coloured land sloping away to the town; briefly she takes in the whole soft-lighted world, the effulgence of wine-yellow light on the trees and the dove-coloured roofs below and a straggling of rooks lifting heavily off the stubble and settling farther on again.

She stoops and goes on once more; and then, soon, another rest, another glance into the sky, and then another beginning. Very soon there is a thistle pricking her hand, and she is glad to stop and pull it out and suck the place with her thin lips.

Ahead of her there is a hedge of hawthorn and blackberry, with great oaks that throw balloons of shadow across the field. She moves into the oak-shade with relief; it is cool, like a drink of water, like a clean white sheet; and the coolness fills her with a new vitality, so that she goes on gleaning for a long time without needing to rest.

By and by she is working along the hedge. Straws have been plaited and twisted by wind among the hawthorn and blackberry and wild clematis and sloe, and she goes along picking them off, twisting them together and dropping them into her sack, her body upright. It is easier. She can smell the darkening blackberries, the first dying odour of leaves. She stops to gather and eat a dewberry, squeezing it against her palate like a dark grape; to rub the misty purple-green bloom off a sloe with her fingers.

There are many straws on the hedge. The sack is heavy. She walks very slowly, dragging it, wondering all the time why she does not lift it to her shoulder and start for home, but something stronger than herself keeps her picking and gleaning, missing nothing.

It is not until the light begins to fail that she thinks of departing. She has begun to carry the sack in her arms, hugging it to her chest, setting it down at intervals and gleaning the stubble about it. There is no need to go on, but some inherent, unconscious, eternal impulse keeps her moving perpetually. But still she glances up sometimes with the old fear, wondering if some other gleaner will come.

She has worked towards the gate and there she sets down the sack and rests a moment. It is late afternoon; dark crowds of starlings are flying over and gathering in invisible trees, making a great murmuration in the late quietness. Before she can depart she must lift the sack to her back or lift it to the gate and bend her back beneath it. She is very tired. She might leave the sack under the hedge; she might come again to-morrow; but she suddenly catches the sack in her arms, hoists it to the gate with an immense effort as though her life depended upon it.

Her strength is not enough. The sack, very full, half falls back upon her, but in a moment she makes a tremendous effort and, as she makes it, lifting the sack slowly upright again, she feels her eyes, for some reason, fill with the stupid tears of age and weakness.

In a moment it is all over, forgotten. She makes a great effort to lift up the sack. She succeeds. The sack falls across her back, bearing her down, and she catches at its mouth, holds it and staggers away.

Her tears have stopped and she has not thought of wiping them away, and as she staggers off down the road towards the sunset they roll down among her million wrinkles and find their way to her mouth. She goes on without resting. She looks more than ever eternal, an earth-figure, as old and ageless and primitive as the corn she carries.

As she goes on, the light dies rapidly until there is only an orange glow in the western sky like the murky light of a candle. The air is cool, still, autumnal. Her tears have dried on her cheeks, and now and then she can taste the salt of them still on her lips: the salt of her own body, the salt of the earth.

H. E. BATES.

LONDON RELISH

MR. WILLIAM GAUNT, who is already known for his portrayal of the London scene, shows the results of further urban exploration at the Leger Gallery. He has turned from the more obvious effects of Piccadilly and its neighbourhood to country little frequented by contemporary painters. Doré, resurrected this year for the ordeal of centenary, has passed it in no small measure by aid of his London work, of which far the most impressive part dealt with the East End. There his grotesque rose to emotion, deepened with tragic power. But since Doré few artists have sought in the same region for their theme, though writers have cultivated it with some assiduity.

Mr. Nevinson and Miss Eve Thirk have painted the river below the bridges, sometimes from almost the same points of view where Whistler etched it; but Mr. Gaunt, plunging into the hinterland of Wapping, and on to Houndsditch, had no such pre-dictated facility of the picturesque awaiting him. He has avoided equally the temptations of the sensational and the sentimental. His presentations of desolate and sombre streets and houses are faithful enough renderings. The style which he has imprinted on them is purely pictorial, a poignant harmony of grey, or a skilful mingling of more glowing colours. There is no incident, no literature; but the subjects themselves are their own symbols, and his cunning is content to give them their face-value only—but a value startlingly intense—of suggestion, of receptive emotional possibility. It needs, for instance, no knowledge of their association with Jack the Ripper to appreciate the macabre of *Mitre Square* or the impending menace of *Thrawl Street*. The same complete identity of emotion with purity of aesthetic statement is found also, though in a different key, in the desert space of *Defoe's London* and the asphalt bleakness of *Queen's Square*.

What Mr. Gaunt has done for the places he has done for the people too, with the ready-made and synthetic finery of the youth and girl in *East End Types*, and the terrifying actuality of the woman in the bar in *Slum*. Such work is courageous in its sincerity and lack of prejudice, compelling in its impression of truth.

But that the artist can weave his vision into alert fantasy, and salt it well with wit, is seen in the frank caricature of types encountered on a visit to the East like *Elders of Jerusalem*, *The Cairene*, and *The Italian Officer*. And from this eastern journey he has also brought back water-colours which are a magical contrast to the East End studies. The oils are not so successful, but the glimpses of little harbours at night and the multi-coloured luxuriance of bazaars suit perfectly a much-abused medium upon which Mr. Gaunt confers its appropriate importance.

At the Redfern Gallery Mr. R. O. Dunlop shows landscapes and portraits in a manner ably created by his palette knife, which he has stamped as his own. His colours are now refreshingly varied, and his method of impasto much less crude. He always has displayed an excellent independence of style, and has now reached maturity from long and conscientious experiment. His work is enlarged imaginatively as well as technically, and though individual preference may not be quite in sympathy, any spectator must at least do homage to the ability and integrity of such landscapes as *Glengariff* and *Old Shoreham*, or the portraits *Nonnie* and *Eileen*.

T. W. EARP.

BOOKS FOR CHILDREN

BOOKS for children are not necessarily at all the same as children's books. That fact is proved over and over again in the entertaining exhibition now showing at the Victoria and Albert Museum, held in connection with the Boys' and Girls' Book Week (November 7th-12th) organised by the National Book Council. Books for children, from the days of *Sandford and Merton* and Mrs. Trimmer's *Fabulous Histories, for the instruction of children, respecting their treatment of animals*, to the days of *An Outline for Boys and Girls and their Parents*—a volume surprisingly absent from the collection of modern books—are works which that mysterious creature, the Grown-up, designs for the amusement and instruction of the young. Their purpose is, as a rule, as frankly didactic as were the old mediaeval rhymes, collected in Dr. Furnivall's entrancing *Babees' Book*, which were written so that the young squire and his wife should not be bothered too much by the ill-behaviour of their pages. They are meant to keep children quiet and make them grow up in the direction their elders think most desirable. When the conventions which controlled that kind of pedagogic literature have definitely changed, the books that enshrined them become fascinating reading for another generation of elder people, who get a keen satisfaction in flattering themselves on their superiority to their ancestors. It is also possible that a very simple or a distressingly sophisticated infant of to-day might still enjoy *The Fairchild Family*, *Little Henry and his Bearer*, or even Mr. Day's lugubrious masterpiece.

As I went round, gazing at those cases which contain a representative collection of books published at the beginning of last century, I was struck by the surprising longevity of many of them. One expects to find old versions of the popular folk-stories, tales of giants and dwarfs; they are spoken tales put into print for the convenience of nurses and the delight of precocious children. It was unexpected, however, to learn the grave antiquity of some of my own childhood's favourites. How well I remember *The Butterfly's Ball* and *The Butterfly's Birthday*, and that candid imitation of Roscoe's pieces, Mrs. Dorset's *The Peacock " At Home."* These books were first published in 1807 and 1808, a considerable number of years before I was born, and at least forty years before the birthday of the lady who lent them to me. I wonder if so long a life can be prophesied safely of any modern book? The two *Alices* have enjoyed a similar permanence; and I hope children still read *The Rose and the Ring* (1855), and *The Water-Babies* (1863), both of which have reached an age that can safely be predicted for Mr. Kipling's *Jungle Books* and *Just-so Stories*.

Almost every kind of book for children has its example in the exhibition, which is limited to illustrated books; but I missed some which might have been included. (Also, the catalogue should have an index.) I looked in vain for those excellent books of A. J. Church, *Stories from Homer*, from *Virgil* and the Greek dramatists. There is an edition—published, I fancy, about 1870—with coloured illustrations, of Cowper's *My Mother*; and where are the school stories of the 'eighties by Talbot Baines Reed? The art of illustration advanced notably from the middle of last century. It is true in the earlier years there are Cruickshank and Dicky Doyle; but they must yield to Tenniel, Thackeray, Linley Sambourne, Arthur Hughes, Kate Greenaway, Walter Crane, Randolph Caldecott. Most of these artists are represented by original drawings which show how sadly their work suffered at the hands of even the most skilled engravers. When one turns to the fine show of modern books (published since 1918) it is this which is most noticeable; whether in colour or black-and-white processes to-day give a most faithful reproduction of the artist's work. One may miss the savage colour and naive force of some of the older chapbooks; but book-illustration and book-production have now reached a level which was not imaginable a hundred and twenty years ago. R. ELLIS ROBERTS.

PLAYS AND PICTURES

" Das Blaue Licht "

DAS Blaue Licht (at the Rialto) is one of those German films which suffer from an excess of beauty. The directress has such perfect taste, she is so tremendously scholarly, so utterly artistic, that the onlooker is rather stifled before the end. She has in fact so concentrated on a succession of flawless " stills " that the picture lacks dynamic power and moves too slowly. The story, despite an *ewige weibliche* motif, which may not appeal to everyone, keeps skilfully this side of sentimentality and is quite unobjectionable, while the photographs both of a stark exotic peak in the Dolomites, and of the village at the foot are taken with much skill and taste. The dialogue is in a pleasing mixture of German and Italian, which, with the aid of the excellent captions, should be helpful to students of modern languages and may cast a little light on Mussolini's minority problems. Even more charming than the hero and heroine is the crowd of genuine villagers, young and old, drunk and sober, who pop in and out of the picture. This film is the work of a talented woman but leaves one with the feeling that though Hollywood has much to learn from Germany, Germany has on this occasion something to learn from Hollywood.

Unrecognised Farce

It must have been Mr. Aubrey Hammond's charming rooms, and the presence of Miss Fay Compton, Mr. Cyril Maude and Mr. Dennis Eadie which made so many of the critics fall so heavily on *Once a Husband* at the Haymarket. For the scenery and the actors tempted them to treat Miss Neville's and Mr. Hay's play as a polite comedy, whereas it is farce; not of the very best, but entertaining and with plenty of effective business. It is very unfair. I escaped from this error largely, I suppose, because I am heretical about Miss Compton as an actress in comedy or in serious drama. I have never understood her admirers' enthusiasm until the other night when she gave an excellent, painfully truthful picture of a lovely shrew, Camilla Graham, with no brains, who is preparing to divorce a perfectly good husband—four years absent in Singapore, where she dispatched him—and marry a drawling nitwit, thirteen years her junior, acted with maddening fidelity by Mr. Robert Andrews. There is nothing *to* the play, of course. It is a farce of intrigue, back-chat and misunderstanding; but it went quickly, and if a farce goes quickly who minds that it starts from nonsense and arrives nowhere? It was perfectly acted—Miss Jane Baxter, as Bunny Shaw, is not only easy to look at, but delicious to hear; and Miss Martita Hunt, as Mrs. Shaw, has a purring malice, a pouncing mischief that I would go much farther than the Haymarket to see. Then there was Cyril Maude, as Camilla's uncle, Cyril Maude as an admiral. It was a splendid return: his ease, his comfortable anger, his rows with Mrs. Shaw, his contempt for the young man, his much too affectionate impatience with Camilla—they were all delightful. A very amusing evening.

Ur Revisited

He is a rash writer who attempts to supplement his Bible. Yet Abram is a magnificent hero for a play. In *The Gates of Ur*, at the Arts Theatre Club, Mr. W. G. Hole starts from the assumption that Abram was an intellectual and a scorner of simple faith. He makes him watch with contemptuous amusement the followers of the King accompanying their monarch into the next world until Sara, his beloved, is made a Companion of the Queen and given the " privilege " of an early death. It was then, according to Mr. Hole, that he decided to " go out from Ur of the Chaldees." This Abram would scarcely have been so ready to sacrifice Isaac; and even granting the author's premises, one is compelled to blame him for wilfully obscuring the issue. When Nahor, the young priest, discovers that the great secret preserved by the Patriarch does not really exist, he is confronted by a spiritual problem. Is it better for the people to live defenceless with a bitter knowledge of the truth, or to preserve through ignorance a happy faith? Here is a dramatic subject. But the problem is weakened by the practical consideration that the " accompanying " of the King by his courtiers prevents regicide. Those who think that death means a continuation of their privileges in heaven are not likely to give trouble at Court. As a rule, the author finds his subject too lofty for his language, but the third act is a failure worthy of respect. Mr. Robert Speaight gives a moving interpretation of Nahor tormented by doubt, and Mr. Frank Arundel's Abram is vigorous and wise.

Things to see and hear in the coming week:

- Saturday, November 5th—
  - Schnabel, Queen's Hall, 3.
  - Jean Sterling Mackinlay, Grotrian Hall, 3.
- Sunday, November 6th—
  - S. K. Ratcliffe on " New Morals for Old," Conway Hall, 11.
  - Dr. J. C. Flugel on " Psychology and Civilisation," Hampstead Ethical Society, 158a Mill Lane, N.W.6, 6.15.
  - J. Walker on " The Socialisation of Transport and Power," Transport Hall, Smith Square, 7.30.
  - " Other People's Lives," Arts Theatre.
  - " Mrs. McConaghy's Money," Charta Theatre, Princes Arcade, W.1.
- Monday, November 7th—
  - Exhibition of Products of Rural Trades opens, Charing Cross Underground Station.
  - London Symphony Orchestra, Queen's Hall, 8.15.
  - " La Jalousie," Cambridge Theatre.
- Tuesday, November 8th—
  - Lt.-Col. J. V. Delahaye on " Total Disarmament: Why and How," Friends Hall, Euston Square, 1.20.
  - " Springtime for Henry," Apollo Theatre.
  - Sir Evelyn Wrench on " What is Happening in Germany To-day," Livingstone Hall, Broadway, 8.
- Wednesday, November 9th—
  - G. R. Mitchison on " Living and Working Conditions in the U.S.S.R." Essex Hall, Essex Street, Strand, 8.
  - B.B.C. Symphony Concert, Queen's Hall, 8.15.
- Thursday, November 10th—
  - Royal Philharmonic Society, Queen's Hall, 8.15.
  - " The Werewolf," Kingsway Theatre.

Current Literature

BOOKS IN GENERAL

A FIRST-CLASS autobiography is a rare and welcome event. In his *Memoirs of a British Agent* (Putnam, 9s.), Mr. Bruce Lockhart has written such an autobiography. It contains, I must admit, all the ingredients of a vast popular success. From the very outset will the average reader become aware that he is here dealing with no dago adventurer, no neurotic intellectual, but with a sound Scottish schoolboy of the athletic type. Reassured in this manner by the pluck and grit of Fettes, the common reader will bask in blue lagoons, where he will follow our hero planting rubber, empire-building, and engaged in a really striking love affair with the ward of the local sultan. Thereafter, as an antidote to the subtle poisons of Malaya, we are given a whiff of Empire fresh air at Banff in Canada, and a return to the gentle austerities of a Scottish home. Success follows, in the shape of a very moving and triumphant entry into the Consular Service. A gay and not unfriendly period at the Foreign Office is the prelude to an appointment as Vice-Consul in Moscow. And thereafter, unceasingly, come gipsies and ambassadors, sleigh bells and vodka, domesticism and romantic adventures, tears and laughter, massacres and sweet champagne. From time to time, piercing this strange cacophany, shrills the familiar blast of the referee's whistle. We are back at Fettes again, Scotch and centre forward. But not for long. Mr. Lockhart in reality prefers a gipsy scarf to his Old-Fettesian tie, and even to his consular uniform. On the average reader the effect of this book will be one of cheery normality. "Here," he will murmur to himself, "is a man not very different from myself who, before reaching middle age, has been engaged in astonishing adventures, the highest of high politics, and a series of romances so delicate, so charming, that they fill my eyes with tears. Yet all this has happened to an ordinary man, who fishes and plays rugger. It might have happened to myself. It is a magnificent book. I must read it all over again." Yet, in fact, the book is far more important than that. For the point is that Mr. Lockhart is *not* the ordinary type of man. He is most extraordinary. He is abnormal. He is one of those rare humorists who strive seriously to see themselves as they really are. As an essay in self-portraiture these memoirs are an achievement of very rare intelligence.

* * *

Before, however, I examine the book as a contribution to the delicate art of autobiography, I should wish to draw attention to its serious importance as a historic document. Mr. Lockhart, at a very crucial moment of the Russian Revolution, was the sole link which existed between the Kremlin and Downing Street. He was on terms of intimacy with Chelnokov, Lvov, and Kerensky. He saw Lenin and Trotsky in their moments of anxiety and in their moments of triumph. He witnessed the terror. He became, in his own words, "the centre of a miniature world-storm—a something over whose body two world systems had been wrangling." He does not, in any single passage, overestimate his own importance. If anything, his sense of humour induces him to underestimate it. The casual reader might not realise from these gay and witty memoirs that for several months Mr. Lockhart's personality and fate became a European question. Yet it is this, his central significance at the time, which will render these memoirs of permanent historical value. Apart from the accuracy of Mr. Lockhart's memory, apart from his skill in vivid portraiture (his sketches of Lenin, Trotsky, and Peters are wholly unforgettable)—you have his actual knowledge, his actual experience, his actual common sense. Whether he be discussing the relations between the Tsar and the Zemstvos, or the difficulties of Sir George Buchanan, or the idiocy of the Okhrana, or the influence of the Empress, one is convinced that here is a man who speaks from accurate knowledge, undeflected by bias or emotion. Take, for instance, his wholly calm and detached analysis of the causes of the Revolution :

> The revolution took place because the patience of the Russian people broke down under a system of unparalleled inefficiency and corruption. No other nation could have stood the privations which Russia stood, for anything like the same length of time. . . . Obviously the Emperor himself, as supreme autocrat, must bear the responsibility for a system which failed mainly because of the men (Stürmer, Protopopov, Rasputin) whom he appointed to control it. If he had acted differently, if he had been a different man. . . . These arguments are childish. What is important to realise is that from the first the revolution was a revolution of the people. From the first moment neither the Duma nor the intelligentzia had any control of the situation. Secondly the revolution was a revolution for land, bread and peace. There was only one way to save Russia from going Bolshevik. That was to allow her to make peace. It was because he would not make peace that Kerensky went under.

This estimate of the situation is not the result of wisdom after the event. It was exactly this estimate which Mr. Lockhart formed at the time and embodied in his official reports. They rendered him most unpopular in London. At a later period when he returned to Moscow as the personal emissary of the War Cabinet he urged recognition of the Bolshevik system and the provision of assistance against the Germans. The interventionists regarded him as a heretic. Had he at that moment resigned his appointment he would now be wearing the bay-leaf of the prophet and the laurel of the victorious martyr. He did not resign. One of the most astonishing passages in this frankest of all autobiographies is the passage in which he analyses his reasons for remaining on in Moscow. They were mainly romantic reasons. He stayed; he was imprisoned; he was all but executed. He returned to London unhappy and discredited. He had fallen between two stools. Yet, unlike most people who have found themselves in this undignified posture, Mr. Lockhart looks up and laughs. He describes his life as having hitherto been a failure from a material point of view. True it is that he might, had he been of a less impulsive nature, have extracted greater profit from his astounding opportunities. Yet I see no defeat in suffering such reverses with so charming a grin. His complete freedom from either bitterness or injured vanity is in itself a triumph. Nobody could read this autobiography and regard Mr. Lockhart as an unsuccessful man.

* * *

Yet to me the durable charm of this volume is not its romanticism, not even its vivid historical value, nor yet its sound political sense. It is as an essay in self-portraiture that I commend the book to those who care for English letters. Let me quote a passage :

> Had I taken stock of myself at the time, I should have seen a young man of twenty-five, broad-shouldered and broken-nosed, with a squat stumpy figure and a ridiculous gait. The young man's character was a curious mixture of Lockhart caution and asceticism and Macgregor recklessness and self-indulgence. Hitherto the Macgregor had had the whip-hand over the Lockhart, and perhaps his chief failing had been an all-too-Celtic tendency to confound licentiousness with romanticism. Such accomplishments as he had, a good memory, a facility for languages, and a capacity for sudden bursts of hard work, were largely nullified by a lazy tolerance, which always sought the easiest way out of any difficulty, and by a fatal disposition to sacrifice the future for the cheap applause of the moment.

Such deliberate passages of self-analysis occur but rarely. Yet the theme of the whole book is a humorous and intelligent confrontation of his own character with the many ordeals and temptations which it has been called upon to meet. It is this confrontation which, to my mind, renders Mr. Lockhart's autobiography a positive pleasure to read.

HAROLD NICOLSON.

NEW NOVELS

Josephus. By LION FEUCHTWANGER. Secker. 7s. 6d.

The Men of Ness. By ERIC LINKLATER. Cape. 7s. 6d.

She was Sophia. By RUTH MANNING-SANDERS. Cobden-Sanderson. 7s. 6d.

Eternity in an Hour. By VERNON KNOWLES. Collins. 6s.

Tiger Bayou. By NEVIL HENSHAW. Grayson. 7s. 6d.

Mary Dallon. By HERBERT ASQUITH. Hutchinson. 7s. 6d.

The Founder of Shandon. By ADELAIDE EDEN PHILLPOTTS. Benn. 7s. 6d.

Helene. By VICKI BAUM. Bles. 7s. 6d.

In *Josephus* Herr Feuchtwanger has chronicled the destruction of Judaea as a military and political power in the East, casting his novel between the years A.D. 64 to 70. Here, therefore, we return to the Judaism of *Jew Süss*, but in this novel the hero is Josephus, the historian, who later became Flavius Josephus, taking his title from his own conqueror Vespasian ; a man, that is to say, who is almost as much anti-hero as hero. Josephus saw at close quarters the power of Rome and attempted to dissuade the Zealots from the madness of a revolt ; later he was drawn into the revolt himself and in Galilee fought bravely and not ineffectually against Vespasian. Defeated and taken prisoner he prophesied that Vespasian would be Emperor and his life was spared until and if his prophecy should come true. Finally he becomes a Roman citizen, and the novel closes when Jerusalem falls, the Temple is destroyed, and from his place in the Circus Maximus the historian sees his fellow-countrymen butchered for a Roman holiday—almost the only Jew among the spectators of that awful scene. It is not possible here to do more than indicate the largeness of the canvas. The novel has the sweep and breadth of history. Its effect, indeed, is similar to that of great history finely told. The central figure of Josephus is conceived as divided against itself ; even after the defeat of Jotapat, when Josephus abandons all hope of a successful resistance to Rome, we are encouraged to see, barely beneath the surface, all that the hard reason of the Jew has tried to stifle, boiling and seething like the sleeping lava of a volcano. How far the author has played freely with history I am not equipped to tell, but as I agree with Spenser that "the function of the poet historian is not that of an historiographer" I do not think it greatly matters. Vespasian is sketched vividly but somewhat caricatured. Josephus is never spared. One would like to say also that Herr Feuchtwanger neither spares himself nor us.

The author of *Juan in America* will not object to being told that his book is "rich in vitamins." It is the saga of the adventures of an Orkney Viking clan that remains in the memory as an impression of the open and lashing sea where Viking men fight a double battle against their enemies and the elements. The story is told with the dry humour of under-statement and in a deliberately denuded style. It is a book that will not conquer everybody—we live in a period when the public responds only to violent stimulus and writers' palates are jaded in trying to satisfy the demand. But for my part I kept comparing the book with the Irish sagas which are, as a rule, highly coloured, magical, fluent, oratorical, and was astonished at the effects achieved by the sturdy, unadorned style of *The Men of Ness*. The book reminded me frequently of that magnificent Northern saga of *Burnt Njal*, and preserves like it the best skaldic traditions of vigorous reticence.

She was Sophia is a charming, delightful, unambitious account of a romance between Hannah, a hard-headed but not hard-hearted young business-woman, and John Jarvie, a soft-hearted but not soft-headed painter. Between and behind the two is the more malignant character of the embittered spinster Miss Drissel. But the main character is Sophia, the love-child of Hannah and John, and the greater part of the story is told as seen through her wilful and precocious personality. Sophia is perfect and wholly captivating. A lyrical, humorous, and not in the least sentimental book.

I wish I could say as much for *Eternity in an Hour*. According to the publishers' "blurb" it is "an oasis in the present literary desert." Have publishers no sense of humour ? I should like to know what the other authors of Messrs. Collins' Autumn list think of that statement. The book is a brief account of a brief period in a boy's life. The transitions are poorly managed and the exposition of the boy's reactions is often heavy-handed. "It was about this time that he accomplished within his consciousness the fusion of his country—that abstract thing so often alluded to by Father and Harold and Headmasters." And here is how one transition is worked : "But Glanville and Mount Lofty were only, after all, extraordinary interruptions. Those exciting six weeks over, life settled down at once to its familiar humdrumness." Surely one might expect better technique than that from an "oasis."

Tiger Bayou is a straightforward yarn about an incident in a small Louisiana city not far from New Orleans. A semi-French atmosphere gives the story an exotic flavour. The villain is Gar, a man who has sworn eternal hatred against some men who preserved his life after his back was broken in his youth. The heroine Titine, the daughter of one of these men, is in his clutches and he plans to marry her to an idiot named Boulé. Love, however, finds a way. Clearly a none too original variation on the oldest yarn in the world.

Mary Dallon is the daughter of an old seaman who tramps England with a performing bear. Mary, who is almost illiterate, has one or two affairs (one in Switzerland) and ends by marrying a gentleman—anyway his aunt is Lady Rivers—and going off to Egypt with him. There is also an accommodating old gentleman who on one occasion writes Mary a cheque for two hundred pounds to save her boy-friend of the moment from a charge of embezzlement. Those who like to read a nice, comfortable, impossible, sentimental story will be pleased with this book, and its tone, so strongly reminiscent of Mr. W. J. Locke.

The *Founder of Shandon* was a philosopher who inherited fifty thousand pounds and wanted to put his ideas into action : so he bought an old mansion and built a small village about it. His pupils were mainly down-and-outs (ex-gaolbirds among them), the old poet Moley, aged eighty, the watchmaker Mudge, the schoolmaster Crane, and among others the beautiful daughter of the former caretaker of Shandon—Eleanor Tillingbourne. One can guess the rest. I do not think he was a very good philosopher. He says "Beauty springs from intelligence and character," and says furthermore that if old people haven't beautiful faces their characters are to blame. He evidently never heard of Lamb's Mrs. Conrady. Into the paradise of Shandon comes the serpent William Tallifer, whose materialism and whose handsome son work destruction on the philosopher's happiness. In the end all turns out better than one might have feared. One must, however, acknowledge Miss Phillpotts' delicate feeling and apparent sincerity ; if there must yet be serious doubts as to her artistic power.

Of Vicki Baum's artistic skill there can be no doubt ; her artistic integrity is another question. Like the good craftswoman she is, she manages her varied and exciting story with the smooth slickness of a good film. There are not so much trans-

Blended to suit
the Season –
but Constant in
Quality
SHELL

itions as fade-outs, and frequently not even that. And yet we follow Helene without jolt through a broken romance, a seduction, a suicide-pact, a trial for homicide, an attempted abortion, a hardily completed university career, years of research for the secret of rejuvenation, commercial triumph and success on the ultimate discovery of Vitalin, and at last marriage to her first real love. Still one wonders gravely what the students of Heidelberg University, where the scene is placed, think of this picture of their lives? Probably they think it "great fudge!" And that is just what it is—as romantic and swift a story as anyone could ask for. But literature? Drama? Oh, no! We do not go to the talkies for these, or to Vicki Baum. Viewed from any higher standard than that of popular romance she is a great talent wasted. That talent is obvious in the account of Helene's miseries as a poor student, and as an unmarried mother trying to be rid of her child; all that is touching and sincere. But the rest is fake, very good fake—genuine twentieth-century sentimentality paraded as realism. SEÁN O'FAOLÁIN.

THE END IN SIGHT?

Slump. By H. HESSELL TILTMAN. Jarrolds. 12s. 6d.

To any traveller in contemporary Europe much that Mr. Tiltman emphasises is commonplace; for any untravelling reader his book is marred in arrangement and detail by the unmistakable haste with which he has been compelled to write up his material. The impressiveness of the statistics may sometimes exhaust the reader so that he ceases to be impressed. But this is probably as it should be; the state of Europe in 1932 is in fact inconceivably catastrophic. To collect all these facts, and above all to present so many sensitive and synchronised impressions of Europe this year, are achievements for which Mr. Tiltman deserves congratulation; the excellent photographs he has supplied are a welcome addition to his work.

There is a story of a German and an Austrian discussing the crisis; at the end the German says, "It is dreadful, but not hopeless." "On the contrary," replies the Austrian, "it is hopeless, but not dreadful." Mr. Tiltman well understands this difference of opinion, but his visit to the Pottendorfer Spinnerei also suggests that if Central Europe could come to its senses and forget the "Balkanisation" of 1919, Austrian industry might have an exciting future.

Perhaps Mr. Tiltman's chapters on Czechoslovakia and France are the most interesting. He gives an admirable indication of Czech spirit and of the organisation of unemployment relief through the Czech Trade Unions, and a delightful account of the great Bata concern at Zlin. His chapter on France is at the same time very creditable to him and to France. The French are notoriously difficult to question; on the other hand, it emerges that certain French qualities have helped to keep France so slump-free, and that Frenchmen are more interested in peace than in commercial statistics. The chapter on Switzerland brings out one of the worst paradoxes of the general situation. The Swiss Government subsidises and protects agriculture, causing Swiss prices to be too high for competition in the world-market; in other countries the ruin of the peasants has destroyed their capacity to buy industrial products.

It is much to be regretted that Mr. Tiltman's protests in the past against Terror in Europe hamper him in the matter of travelling in Italy, and it would have been interesting if he had also been able to visit Budapest to compare the terrible effect of the slump on the urban unemployed of Hungary—where the State supplies no relief at all—with the suffering in Italy where only thirteen weeks of dole are allowed. One gathers that pay-days in Milan factories are riot-days this year, and it would have been interesting to hear Mr. Tiltman's views on Mussolini's reported swing to the left. It is also to be regretted that he was unable to include Poland and Sweden in his journey. Altogether his book contains singularly little reference to the Kreuger catastrophe, which has been as much on Continental lips in 1932 as the collapse of the Credit-Anstalt in 1931.

The general public in this country has no conception of the insecurity and decadence which the slump has brought to Central Europe. In providing so vivid a picture of this, Mr. Tiltman is doing something very important. Since the fifteenth century European merchants have gradually become accustomed to the possession of reserves of wealth which have enabled them to think ahead and to sell abroad on a larger and larger scale. Now tariffs, currency restrictions and the paralysing uncertainty created by the constant interference of desperate Governments, have quite deprived Central Europe of these possibilities. Only direct barter is now occasionally possible in the place of highly organised foreign trade. Europe east of the Rhine has now exhausted its reserves, and, if recovery is not in sight, some terrible disintegration must occur. This is ambiguously described as "chaos" by most publicists; at the least it means that great masses of the population will die of starvation, and that any reconstruction will have to be built up on the basis of the miserable survivors of such a tragedy.

Mr. Tiltman does not find that Communist feeling has on the whole increased, but he shows that orders from Soviet Russia are, oddly enough, giving respite to European capitalism in its distress. Still more, Mr. Tiltman emphasises the importance of Lausanne, and of the British Government which chiefly made the agreement possible. Anyone who knew his Central Europe and wanted to vote Labour at our General Election a year ago was in a nasty predicament, for he knew that Austria and the rest would breathe again if England only seemed united and stable. And breathe again they did; Mr. Tiltman's Austrian who says of English imperturbability, "It helps us to hope for a brighter future" is perfectly representative. It is time the English public realised how its national characteristics have been able to alleviate the slump in Europe; Mr. Tiltman's book will satisfy its vanity. This book does not set out to account for the slump, only to describe its effects on people's lives; but there is a cautious implication that the worst is over, and that recovery, when it comes, will be rapid. E. W.

MUSIC AT NOON

The Oxford Book of Sixteenth Century Verse. Edited by E. K. CHAMBERS. Oxford University Press. 8s. 6d.

A sleepy century at its beginning. The high, scurrilous, yet often sweet notes of Skelton, a few lovely anonymous singers, Wyatt and Sackville; and then with the mid-century comes Philip Sidney, and with him and after him such a burst of music as our literature has never since known. It is mostly the music of noon. It is cheerful, lively, pure, full of natural exultation, and the confidence that the people began then, perhaps, to feel in a destiny. The new wine from Italy was imported, and later the headier vintages of Spain; there was the new learning, and the new religion, and the new way of governing, and also the new poverty and the new wealth; and the poets were as excited as the rest of mankind. A great deal of the work collected in this volume by Sir Edmund Chambers has the nature of an exercise; but the exercises are written by poets. Many of the poets, one supposes, were used to the delight and the discipline of Latin verse; and they sat down to make English poetry in the same mood of scholarship coloured by enthusiasm. Often the reader can see that the poet has had suddenly a fine phrase, or a fine line, or an insistent couplet, and writes his verse to bring in that undeflated beauty. Is not this evident in the six lines of Lord Oxford's

> Were I a king, I could command content;
> Were I obscure, hidden should be my cares;
> Or were I dead, no cares should me torment,
> Nor hopes, nor hates, nor loves, nor griefs, nor fears.
> A doubtful choice, of these three which to crave,
> A kingdom, or a cottage, or a grave.

Did not that certainly begin in the poet's mind with the concluding couplet?

It is sometimes difficult to gauge the amount of personal feeling in the poems. No one again will ever be so fatuously unimaginative as Sidney Lee, who could empty the sonnets of Shakespeare of personal content; but it is hard to find much emotion in Thomas Watson, and much of Drayton reads now a little artificial and thin. Scholarship, craft, and ingenuity keep the poets from allowing their impulse free play. When freedom does have her way, the result is astounding. At the beginning of the century there is that heart-broken quatrain, lines full of the longing and the loss that we find in the poems of the mediævalists—

> Western wind, when will thou blow,
> The small rain down can rain?
> Christ, if my love were in my arms
> And I in my bed again!

Then in the later years there is no mistaking the fierce, stubborn pride and passion of Raleigh, the grave beauty of Spenser, the direct utterance of Drayton at his best, the lightness and loveli-

‘More Memories’

BY THE

Countess of Oxford

and Asquith

In the new reminiscences of Lady Oxford, “More Memories,” she gives a vivacious account of her first meeting with King Edward. This piquant narrative is the central feature of the first instalment which appears in the SUNDAY TIMES on Sunday next, November 6th.
It is forty-seven years since she was presented to Queen Victoria and attended her first Court Ball, where Prince George, the present King, restored to her a diamond brooch that had fallen to the floor while she was dancing.
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ness of Constable, and the lyric ease of Daniel. To those years belong, too, the most perfect things of their kind that have ever been written, the songs of Shakespeare. Those carefree, simple, exquisitely natural lyrics are greater than any others; they have behind them the whole character of a poet whose range and intensity are still matter for our admiring curiosity.

While most of the sixteenth-century poets are either courtly and gracious, or tunefully simple, playing on the shepherd's lute, occasionally, with startling effect, is heard another and a more sombre music. There was the new poverty and there was Europe's old enemy, the plague. It was those which brought to the lips of that rascally, scandalous journalist, Thomas Nashe, the lines which have a profound and desperate beauty:

> Brightness falls from the air,
> Queens have died young and fair,
> Dust hath closed Helen's eye.
> I am sick, I must die.
> Lord, have mercy on us!
> Strength stoops unto the grave,
> Worms feed on Hector brave,
> Swords may not fight with fate,
> Earth still holds ope her gate.
> Come! Come! the bells do cry.
> I am sick, I must die.

Like nearly all the poets of the period, except the very greatest, Nashe goes on too long; the preacher overcomes the poet—but in these lines we have in poetry the nearest equivalent there is to the fresco in the Campo Santo at Pisa, where the lordings and the ladies, out riding, meet with rude, uncivil death. And, represented in this volume by Robert Southwell, there is amid the bird-song of the gallant, grabbing, imperial years the resigned and noble verse of the Popish recusants. It is the poetry of those who are glad to die, knowing that so they secure victory, the poetry of men who, for the moment, have shunned ambition and preferment. There is plenty of personal experience and of foresight in Southwell's gnomic verses, *Content and Rich:*

> To rise by others' fall
> I deem a losing gain;
> All states with others' ruin built
> To ruin run amain.
> No change of Fortune's calms
> Can cast my comforts down;
> When Fortune smiles, I smile to think
> How quickly she will frown.

Sir Edmund Chambers has done his work of selection admirably. His book is really representative: we have nearly a hundred pages of Spenser, seventy of Shakespeare, and thirty of Marlowe. Perhaps he has been too generous in assigning fifty pages to Sir John Davies; but it is an error on the right side. It is a pity that he has not allowed himself a little more space for annotation. He should mention that Turberville's quatrain to his sky-gazing love is an adaptation of Plato's most famous epigram, in which Turberville misses the chance of calling his lady Stella and making her a star-gazer. The book is altogether a worthy and most welcome addition to the incomparable series of anthologies produced at the Clarendon Press.

GOLD AND THE FUTURE

The Crisis in the World's Monetary System. By Gustav Cassel. Oxford University Press. 4s. 6d.

The Gold Standard and Its Future. By T. E. Gregory. Methuen. 3s. 6d.

The Functioning of the Gold Standard. By F. Mlynarski. League of Nations and Allen and Unwin. 3s. 3d.

Crisis: the Monetary Drama. By R. Patenôtre, with Prefaces by Sir Robert Horne and Joseph Caillaux. Barker. 5s.

America Weighs Her Gold. By James Harvey Rogers. Oxford University Press. 12s. 6d.

The Banks and Prosperity. By Lionel D. Edie. Harper. 7s. 6d.

Will Great Britain, and will the world as a whole, go back to the gold standard? Probably the popular opinion, in most of the countries which have departed from it, is against going back; but certainly, in every country, the weight of economic and financial opinion still favours ultimate return. It is recognised that the return may have to be delayed, and the standard itself worked in a different way when its operation is resumed; but most economists, as well as most bankers, believe that there will be a return to gold in some form. For they want the world to have an international monetary standard; and they do not believe in the possibility of any international standard not based on gold. Theorists may coquet with the idea of a standard based somehow on index numbers of prices or production; but everyone knows that, even if such a standard is theoretically possible, and even if it could be made theoretically sound, the statisticians are a very long way off the devising of the right sort of index number, and the financiers still farther off a willingness to accept it as a valid guide to monetary conditions. This insistence of the economists is the stronger because they fear that the abandonment of gold as a standard will strengthen the forces of economic nationalism. If gold is not to rule, each country will make its monetary policy, as well as its tariff, a means to nationalist ends. It will be enabled to sustain a system of incomes and prices related to those of other countries only through constantly fluctuating rates of exchange, which will hamper trade and make harder the world's economic integration.

These arguments have much force; and it has to be admitted that no practicable international alternative to gold as a standard yet exists. It is true that M. Patenôtre argues forcibly in favour of a return to bi-metallism, on the basis of a low valuation of silver in terms of gold; but his arguments come to little more than that the inadequacy of the supply of gold should be eked out from other sources, and he does not really face the difficulties of keeping two metals at a stable relative value. Professor Gregory clearly shows the difficulties in the way of an Empire currency, in face of the differing economic needs and attitudes of the Dominions, and the insuperable problems of real joint management by a Bank of the Empire. He also throws doubt on the possibility of making a "sterling" group of countries, including Scandinavia, the rallying point for an alternative standard to gold. For what is the new standard to be? If it is to be based purely on a "managed" exchange with gold standard countries, who is to decide how, and in whose interests, the exchange is to be managed? It comes to this—that while a number of other countries may peg their currencies to sterling for a time, there is in such an arrangement no guarantee of permanence, and no real step towards a new international standard. Going off gold does mean having no fixed international standard at all.

Great Britain, Professor Gregory thinks, will come back to gold; and Dr. Mlynarski prophesies as much for the world as a whole. But it does not follow either that Great Britain will return to gold at the old parity, or that the world will continue to interpret the gold standard in the old way. Sterling will be permanently devaluated—by how much remains to be seen. Professor Gregory believes that the pound is undervalued now, and that it should be stabilised at a higher rate—as high as can be consistent with keeping some stimulus to exports. At the time of stabilisation, the pound should be undervalued by a little, not by much. But the time for stabilisation is not yet.

Professor Cassel, in his lectures delivered at Oxford, lays more stress than Professor Gregory on the completeness with which the gold standard has broken down, and is far more sceptical about its return. He regards the present shortage of gold as the chief cause of the world depression, though he puts such matters as war debts and reparations beside it as contributory causes. He would have all war debts cancelled, and all national regulations providing for a compulsory gold reserve absolutely repealed.

Dr. Mlynarski is more concerned with the point that, under modern conditions, there is in theory no reason at all for countries to keep gold reserves against their currencies, or for any other purpose than meeting possible demands for export. He thinks that legal reserve requirements can be—not abolished, for world opinion is not ready for that—but considerably reduced, and that, if this is done, there need be no problem of world shortage of gold, though there may, of course, still be maldistribution. Dr. Edie goes farther, and wishes, for the United States, to substitute a maximum for a minimum gold cover, in order to prevent gold hoarding, and compel central banks to force currency into circulation by open market operations as their gold supply grows. He seems largely to share Mr. Hawtrey's views that booms and slumps could be prevented by courageous central bank action to stop either undue expansion of credit in times of improving, or undue contraction in times of sagging, business activity.

Professor Rogers, like Dr. Edie, is writing for the American public. He regards the American tariff as the primary cause of

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the drift of gold to the United States, and wants it drastically lowered. He does not believe that the world will or can ever pay its debts to America ; but he does not want them cancelled now, because he wants the United States to use the offer of cancellation as a bargaining asset in promoting a reduction in world tariffs. He does, however, urge the immediate scaling down by half of the British debt to America, on account of the harsher terms of the original settlement and the present financial difficulties of this country.

The last two books are popular. Professor Gregory's book is also meant to be popular, but is in parts harder than he means it to be. Dr. Mlynarski's monograph, which is meant for specialists, gives an exceedingly able account of the recent working of the gold standard, with proposals for minimising the actual movement of gold in the future.

VERULAM

Francis Bacon. By Mary Sturt. Kegan Paul. 10s. 6d.

To do complete justice either to Bacon's character or achievements is not easy for a plain man ; for one, at least, who does not possess an acute historical sense or a knowledge of the legal mind, of philosophy, science or sexual perversion. How without the first, for example, can he realise the prevalent attitude towards sovereignty in an age when James was finishing the work of the Tudors, a usurping power with its instinctive feeling that security for the crown depended more on legalised force than an earlier-time conception of contract ? This realisation is vital to an understanding of Bacon's political views, to say nothing of his action in appearing against Essex and his dealings with Buckingham. And how without the last can Bacon's later surroundings, the dim, inverted labyrinths of James's court, come into perspective ?

At first sight this seems a slight little volume to do all its work, which is to provide a simple and candid account of Bacon's life. Examination, however, reveals that Miss Sturt has written a very readable, sane and well-planned book in which the essentials are stated without undue emphasis. In fact, her effects are produced with an economy which some people may think austere, as when she makes no direct reference to the Bacon-Essex correspondence in her description of the trial. Her intention is obviously the timely one of avoiding prejudice and irrelevancies, and, on the whole, this she does admirably.

Her view of Bacon's character is summarised when in her preface she comments on Lytton Strachey's suggestion that he was dangerous :

> . . . . Probably of all politicians, men in high places and power, he was the kindest, least spiteful and least subtle. He was no intriguer ; he seems always to have put his cards on the table. . . . He had risen slowly, and he attained his final eminence simply because he was infinitely the ablest Englishman of his day. Had he lived in our age he would have been more successful, more loved and respected. He was out of place in his time and generation and thus misplaced he was not dangerous. Nor did he wish to be. He was without malice. . . .

This is well said. But we are inclined to imagine that Bacon was dangerous for a reason that is sometimes overlooked. His writings, and more especially his essays, with their chaste, hard-bitten style, have a peculiar effect. They have beauty but no warmth, kindliness but no affection. Their extraordinary grasp on reality almost convinces us of the truth of what lawyers so often tell us, that this special faculty is possessed only by those who have had a legal training. Bacon's writings produce a powerful illusion that their author was a man with a most uncomfortable ascendancy over his fellows.

As we know from his life, the facts were quite otherwise. Bacon's ascendancy was only intellectual. In politics he failed to gain administrative power. Many questions occupied him, and he constantly offered sound advice without ever finding a way to ensure its acceptance. James knew as well as his predecessor that no real politician is without the common touch. Bacon's rigid sense of duty appears to have worked consciously and not instinctively. It enabled him to lead a resistance in the Elizabethan House of Commons against a measure which he was clear-headed enough to discover was a menace to the Commons' rights over finance. His action is now seen to have been of considerable importance in the history of the long dispute over this question. He was eminently fitted to deal with a constitutional point ; but he could overcome neither House of Parliament on questions involving popular prejudices or feelings. His temperament ruined him. Because of it he was easily marked down as a scapegoat in a scandal of judicial bribery of long standing, and in which his noisiest accuser, Coke, was as guilty as many another. A less just, but a more popular Lord Chancellor might have escaped. Bacon's political ineffectiveness came from no lack of suppleness, but from a lack of that personal force which is often characteristic of an introspective man subject to fits of " melancholy, with strangeness of beholding, and darkness."

Bacon's attempts to put his great gifts to political uses only resulted in unusual personal reactions and strange situations. Who knows but that his much decried love of pomp was not, like Disraeli's mistaken waistcoats, a cynic's effort to impress dull people. He forced himself to play the courtier in a reign when, as Miss Sturt reminds us, a king's *privado* was as important as a king's mistress in more normal times. He was in the service of a king who, perhaps true to type, could utter these words in council : " . . . . You may be sure I love the Earl of Buckingham more than anyone else, and more than you who are assembled. I wish to speak in my behalf, and not to have it thought to be a defect, for Jesus Christ did the same, and therefore I cannot be blamed. Christ had His John and I have my George." But then the only normal times known to Bacon were those of Elizabeth and Essex. And as regards Essex, it is probable that Bacon recovered with difficulty from his bad judgment of this young man. He fondly imagined that he could indoctrinate Essex with his views on high politics and so ensure their orientation. " Men have their time," he said bitterly of friendship, " and die many times in desire of some things which they principally take to heart."

In her chapters dealing with Bacon's philosophical writings Miss Sturt avoids the usual grandiloquent phrases and is thus able to show their true significance. As Lord Balfour once remarked, it is as easy to praise vulgarly Bacon's vision of man's conquest over nature as it is to belittle it stupidly. The impetus which he gave to scientific research has been variously estimated and even denied. But we can only accept what experimenters say themselves. The contemporary Kepler acknowledged his influence, as did many in that group which thirty-four years

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after Bacon's death founded the Royal Society, a body somewhat on the lines of his idea of "a College for Inventors." Bacon ended his days in his own place. He was obliged to relinquish what in him was a fantastic dualism, that of being a man of affairs and a philosopher. He was in his study writing the life of Henry VII, making those remarkable additions to his essay on friendship, and composing the fragmentary *New Atlantis* in which he dreamed of science and philosophy in unity. His will, accompanied by a slightly pharisaical prayer, contains the bequest of his name "to the next ages and foreign nations."

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The Bedside Book is, in fact, a pleasant muddle. Its contents are like those of a bedroom shelf, where D. H. Lawrence and A. A. Milne stand side by side, and *Kim* rubs shoulders with *The Golden Bough*. It includes much that is beautiful and many ineptitudes, and, if not "the best anthology ever," can be recommended as a useful present for a literary invalid. The very modest sum of seven and sixpence buys eight-hundred pages of close text.

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P. Q.

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This sensitiveness to nature and its suffering soon extended until it embraced the whole human race. The end of the hunt in *Gone to Earth* is as fine and poignant a description of its kind as one could possibly want; but the tone of tragedy in *Precious Bane* shapes itself into deeper cadences with a more human, a more universal, application. Perhaps, as Mr. Moult reveals by implication and quotations, her particular genius for displaying emotional experience reached its highest pitch in her poetry.

Her sojourn in London, as Mr. Thomas Moult shows, was something of a disillusionment; but the failure of the large reading public never roused any bitterness in her. She received the news that she was to be awarded the *Femina Vie Heureuse* prize for *Precious Bane* with the sheer delight of a child; and attended the ceremony in high spirits—but the end was drawing near. Into her novels she was compressing all the suffering and disillusionment which she endured, but of which she spoke so little.

> Mary Webb preferred fiction, because it was in her novels that she was best able to portray the incomplete character, the hurt and suffering creatures who are victims of a lack of spirituality; and to narrate their struggle against circumstance. She was obsessed with the battle of good and evil, with the flashing half-moments of divinity and the world that dispels them.

Mr. Moult concludes by touching upon her dramatic discovery to a wider public through Mr. Baldwin's praise of *Precious Bane*; but the body of his work is concerned with the development of Mary Webb as a personality and a survey of her output in poetry, fiction and essay from *The Spring of Joy* to the last, unfinished novel. He has given us in this short work the portrait of a woman whose beauty of character sprang from the very soil of the Shropshire countryside she loved, and loved to commemorate.

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SHORTER NOTICES

A History of the Movies. By BENJAMIN B. HAMPTON. Noel Douglas. 21s.

The appearance and title of this book mislead. A "history" of the cinema in 500 pages, with 191 full-page illustrations from films, suggests completeness. But a glance at the index will reveal some startling omissions. The names of Pabst, Eisenstein, Dovshenko (the first that come to mind) do not appear at all; Clair is mentioned in a footnote, Flaherty is given two lines; and when it dawns on the reader that this is a 100 per cent. American film history, he will find that Stroheim's *Greed*, perhaps the best of the American silent films, is only mentioned to be dismissed on account of its length. This wholesale avoidance of aesthetic values has left the author with a free hand to tell the commercial history of the Hollywood film companies, which he does thoroughly and at great length. He provides some interesting information about big deals, censorship, the exploitation of the public, and the restless inventive skill which produced first the cinematograph camera, then the talkie, and is experimenting now with stereoscopy and colour. But whether any English reader will want to pay a guinea for this information, lavishly illustrated by photographs of no intrinsic worth, is another matter.

The Philosophy of Sport. By P. McBRIDE. Heath Cranton. 7s. 6d.

These reflections of a medical man who throughout his life has been as devoted to field sports as his varying leisure has allowed, will appeal to those who, like himself, have varied sedentary occupations with open-air activity. Dr. McBride's discussion of his subject is unpretentious, and so far as its philosophy is concerned, is mainly derived from introspection, but many of us will probably find that his mental and physical reactions to sport are similar to our own. On the physiological side the book has a value for its scientific discussion of sports and pastimes as a means of exercise. It is noteworthy that Dr. McBride holds that there is no sport that can give the ordinary sedentary man quite the same physical results as a system of regular concentrated physical exercises.

Views and Reviews: Second Series. By HAVELOCK ELLIS. Harmsworth. 10s. 6d.

The essays in this volume represent Mr. Ellis's contributions to periodical literature between 1920 and 1932; they are predominantly concerned with scientific and sociological subjects, though there is a personal and critical note on Joseph Conrad and, a most engaging paper, an essay on Eighteenth-Century French Romances. All show that controlled urbanity, that sincere humanism which Mr. Ellis has always proclaimed in this country. It is to be hoped that this collection of minor writings will send many to the longer and weightier works of a man whose public is still far below his deserts and our needs.

About Motoring

1933 COACHWORK

SINCE the war coachwork has undergone developments as rapid and important as any which concern the chassis. In the immediate post-armistice period car bodies touched their lowest depths. There was a world famine in materials, especially in seasoned timber. Labour was extremely expensive. Mass-production methods had scarcely been applied to the coach shops. The world was ravenous for cars, and not at all particular about their quality. Everybody was so busy manufacturing that nobody had time to think. We were supplied with ugly bodies, carelessly made from inferior materials, and costing ridiculous sums. Within twelve months of delivery most of these bodies had grown so shabby that they ranked as eye-sores on the road. Their upholstery was too hard for comfort. The dye faded or wore away. The coach-building industry plumbed its lowest depths. Then demand steadied, leisure returned, competition was reborn, and coach-building partook of the universal stimulus. The artist was permitted to be heard on the question of lines. The chemist was handed a liberal financial allotment, and instructed to commence intensive research in all materials, not least in enamels and paints and metal finishes. The production expert was unleashed to reduce body cost without any sacrifice of quality. The practical man, familiar with a hundred different cars, and accustomed to drive his 50,000 miles per annum, was invited to rack his imagination, identify every conceivable snag in the best bodies which he knew, and devise a remedy; if he failed, his failure was handed to others, hoping that in the multitude of counsellors there might prove to be wisdom. And so coach-building blossomed as the chassis itself was transformed by compressed brain-power. The costs of every conceivable type of body were cut and cut, until to-day for £50 we can buy saloon bodies superior to the individual "creations" which pre-war peers used to order in Long Acre three months or more before the chassis was due for delivery. These "special" bodies cost up to £1,000 a-piece, and were almost "guild" jobs. One firm, at least, submitted the drawings to its foremen, and a foreman would contract to build the body for so much. He employed his own men, and every strut in it was shaped by hand. To-day a saloon may be pressed out in three or four pieces by giant dies, and electrically welded together; its cost is a tiny fraction of the old timber skeleton which assumed size and shape so slowly in 1913, and it will remain taut and silent much longer. If a body is still built up of pieces of wood, unskilled boys drop wooden billets into jigs and shave them to precise shape and dimensions against revolving cutters on the bench at a hundredth or a thousandth of the pre-war cost.

The main advances gather round pressed-steel bodies, which are cheap, silent, beautiful in contour, and offer good protection in the event of a crash. Round cellulose enamels, which are only less durable than the glaze on crockery. Round chromium plating, which neither peels nor tarnishes, and can be cleaned almost instantaneously without lengthy polishing. Round upholstery, for which cheap and durable coverings have been invented in every conceivable variety of fast colours. Round the padding of cushions, wherein pneumatic constructions afford any desired degree of softness. Round provision for luggage, which may now be stored in cheap vulcanised fibre cases, fitting accurately into a shaped locker, forming part of the pressed-steel carcass. But in spite of improvements which have easily outstripped anticipation, we are still confronted by several unsolved—and possibly insoluble—problems. Chief amongst these ranks the convertible body. On a summer day when the sun tempers his heat short of the blistering point, most of us still prefer an open body, especially if we are traversing the Trossachs or the Italian lakes or the Alps. For approximately 270 days of a typical British year we prefer a saloon. But nearly all our efforts to invent the convertible body suggested by this dual taste have been abject failures. There survive only the drop-head coupé, the Tickford windable roof, and one or two other compromises which are not in very fierce demand.

Our second problem gathers round the very small cars which poverty is forcing on so many people. A man who earns but £500 a year may well be just as corpulent as his boss, who earns £50,000, and his wife may be just as ample, whilst his friends are not necessarily emaciated. But he must buy a cheap car. Thanks to our arbitrary taxation scale, based on engine power, a cheap car in these islands is necessarily a small car. This creates the problem of housing four big people in a tiny saloon. We have done all the obvious things. Austin and others have swelled the sides of the rear compartment out level with the wheel hubs, so that the armrests act as rear mudguards. Riley has dropped foot-wells on either side of the propeller-shaft casing, and others have copied this clever, compulsory, but uncomfortable expedient. The Wolseley has thrust its radiator well forward, dragging the engine with it, and freeing a few inches of the chassis platform for human occupation. But here we have stuck, especially as modern speeds and the modern fashion in line alike demand a low roof, so that even a dwarf should be able to stand on the far side of his saloon and wink across its roof at a pretty girl on the pavement. The 1932 Olympia indicates that invention is beginning to dry up in this sphere. True, we have the "Silent Travel" patents, eagerly seized by the Triumph people and slowly spreading to other firms. This patent dispenses with the central vertical pillar between two side doors, securing the doors to roof, floor and each other, instead of to a central pillar. This

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mitigates very slightly the contortions demanded from any acrobat who seeks to enter a small saloon, and relieves an arthritic traveller of some pain. The Riley expert goes a step farther, and provides magic doors, which cause the eaves of the roof to fly up, partly ensuring our brows and hats from agonising dints, and our souls from the stain of blasphemy. It is hard to say what the inventor can do more, unless he hinges the entire roof along the upper edge of the rear panel, so that we can enter these very small cars as a pill enters its box.

For the rest, coachwork in general was never so cheap, never so handsome, never so convenient, never so comfortable, never retained its pristine sheen so tenaciously, and never flaunted so brilliant a palette of bright colours. The fittings are worthy of their environment, except that window-winders still jamb (if they are cheap), and door latches still inspire rage because they will not catch if one slams either too softly or too fiercely. Particular credit must be assigned to the marvellously efficient coachwork now fitted to the mass-production cars of twelve and fifteen horse-power. It is as near perfect as no matter.

R. E. DAVIDSON.

Playtime

CALIBAN'S PROBLEM CONTEST

Problem 16.—THE DIE-HARDS

Albert, Barney and Codger are known to have been smuggling beer into the dormitory. Dr. Thwackwell regards the offence as venial. He informs the three boys that he has decided to flog only one of them, and they themselves can decide which one it shall be.

Codger is in the Mathematical VI. He proposes to Albert and Barney the following arrangement :

"Each of us will put 2s. 6d. into a pool.

"We will then each take a wooden cube—a blank die—and write on each of its six sides one of the letters A, B, or C. Each can letter his die as he likes, but he must letter all six sides. The letters, of course, stand for our names.

"Then we shake the three dice in a hat and cast them. If the same letter appears on all three, or if all three letters appear once each, we put the dice back and shake again. We continue until we get two dice cast for one of us, and the third die for a different one.

"As soon as this occurs, we divide the pool. The boy with two dice cast for him takes half a crown and the flogging ; the second boy takes five shillings."

Albert and Barney agree ; and the boys at once proceed to the carpenter's shop to manufacture their dice.

Codger now tries hard to ascertain how the other boys' dice are to be marked. All he can discover however is that Albert will mark one side only with "A" while Barney intends to mark "either two or three" with "B"

How should Codger letter his own die ?

Problem 14.—THE THIRD BLOTTO PROBLEM

I have had few answers to this problem, and those I have had vary widely. The answer (as I conceive it) is that Blotto's antagonist must aim at securing the maximum expectation of points. This is found (by analysis of the possible distributions of Blotto's forces) to imply concentration of five units in Fort A. Blotto, therefore, must bank on this manoeuvre, and concentrate his six units in the same Fort.

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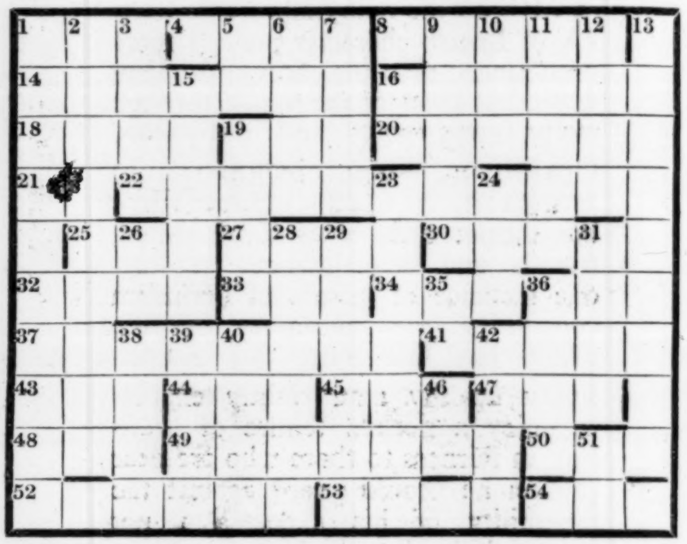

MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM

(*References in italics*)

ACROSS

1. Haggard heroine.
4. *Roasted crab, perhaps.*
8. Buchan's thirty-nine.
14. *Quarrelled over a changeling.*
16. *Producer of the play.*
18. Mr. Lewis's are of god.
19. Not far from the land.
20. *Could gleek upon occasion.*
21. Cheap sort of telegram to get.
22. *The tragedy made his eyes water.*
25, 33. *Dispenser of inconvenient charms.*
27 *rev.* Not Tosti's good-bye.
30. *He was apprehensive of the ladies' fears.*
32. Unaccented ardour.
33. See 25.
34. Alleged food of chameleons.
36, 54. *Described her rival as a maypole.*
37. *Discovered that the course of true love is erratic.*
41. Appear to get mixed up in the winter time.
43. Twisted ingot.
44. Return of prophet from den.
45. Talks a lot.
47. Famous rifle regiment.
48. Sickness without the sea.
49 *rev.* Character from another play.
50. Written orders in the mess.
52. Squint.
53. Don't, in my parks.
54. See 36.

DOWN

1. *He recommended that the killing be left out.*
2. *The moon in the play wearied her.*
3 *rev.* Little apostle.
5, 6. Used in 50.
7. This dulcimer has not got on.
9. Thin.
10 *rev.* The most attractive are of the cup variety.
11. Confusion at Drury Lane.
12. He finds the joke obscure.
13. *He admired the lion's roaring.*
15. Wooden cast of countenance ?
18. On the White Queen's left hand.
19. Any man, according to the psalmist.
23. Not the Western front.
24. Landsturm for the sea.
26. Minor degree.
28. Feeble sort of walk.
29 *rev.* *One of "two lovely berries moulded on one stem."*
31 *rev.* Well-trained train.
35, 51 *rev.* Here flows the stream of epigram.
36. Channel Island.
38. *Was anxious to know if the moon would shine.*
39. To add the sheep to this steed would imply confusion.
40. It's the head that gets hit.
42. *Bête noir* of the Atlantic.
46. Not a cap.
51. See 35.

LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD.

ACROSS.—1. cadaverous. 9. (des)ire *rev.* 12. obituary. 14. solid. 16. *hearts.* 18. abuse *rev.* 19. lo(ins). 20. ormolu. 21. atrophy. 23. doping. 24. Eye. 25. (sciat)ica. 26. te(net). 27. satin *rev.* 30. R.T.S. 32. L.C.M. 35. des(tiny) *rev.* 36. nylghau. 39, 44. flout. 40. insect. 42. noise. 45. necromancer. 50, 53. beast. 51. *spades.* 52. Bess.

DOWN.—1. cohorts. 2. Aberdeen. 3. *diamonds.* 4. atropine. 5. ca. 6. err *rev.* 7. oyster. 8. usury. 9. ale *rev.* 10. choir *rev.* 11. idlya (daily). 13. ut(i)lity. 15. oboes. 17. sun. 21. A-G. (Ag.). 22. flip *rev.* 28. alt(o). 29. bangs *rev.* 31. sciat(ica) *rev.* 33. *clubs.* 34. motet. 37. hone(y). 38. uses. 40. ins(ect). 41. Col (horn). 43. era (period). 46. ep(ic). 47 48. card. 49. ms.

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THE WEEK IN THE CITY

THE LAST CONVERSION: FOREIGN BONDS: ARGENTINA AND HER RAILWAYS

By TOREADOR

THE new Treasury 3 per cent. Conversion Loan 1948–53 is by no means an act of generosity, but should nevertheless go like hot cakes. I had suggested in these columns a 15–20 year loan bearing 3 per cent. interest and issued at 95 or 96, which would have compared favourably with the then yield on Conversion 5 per cent. 1944–64. At 97½ per cent. the new Conversion Loan gives a redemption yield at the earliest date of £3 4s. 1d. per cent., which is the same as the redemption yield of Conversion 5 per cent. 1944–64 at the current price of 117¼. The flat yield of the new loan is £3 1s. 7d. per cent., and the yield to final redemption in 1953 is £3 3s. 4d. per cent. The new loan will be popular partly because there is a relative over-supply of long-dated or irredeemable Government stocks, partly because the private investor feels more comfortable in a medium-dated short-term redeemable stock. There can, however, be no general switch from 3½ per cent. Assented War Loan into the new Conversion Loan, as the issue is limited to £300 millions. It is, in fact, just sufficient to provide for the £165 millions of 5 per cent. War Loan and the £12.8 millions of 4½ per cent. War Loan falling due for repayment on December 1st, and the £114.6 millions of 5 per cent. Treasury bonds 1933–35 which have been called for redemption on February 1st next year (the recent issue of £150 millions 2 per cent. Treasury bonds 1935–38 dealt only with £140.3 millions of 4½ per cent. Treasury bonds due on December 1st and the £14.1 millions of 4½ per cent. Treasury bonds due February 1st, 1933). Other maturities are not near enough to be important, namely:

£51 millions 4½% Treasury bonds	Due Feb. 1st, 1934
£105 millions 4% Treasury bonds	Callable on April 15th, 1934
£373 millions 4½% Conversion...	Callable on Jan. 1st, 1940
£325 millions 5% Conversion	Callable on May 1st, 1944

The 3 per cent. Conversion loan is the fifth conversion operation of the Government this year. The total saving in interest effected on the funded debt amounts to nearly £40 millions in a full year, to which must be added the saving to be realised in the interest charge on the floating debt. I am bound to say that the goodwill of the rentier classes, without which these conversion schemes would have been impossible, has been skilfully exploited by the National Government. Even Lord Snowden, if he were Prime Minister, Chancellor of the Exchequer and Home Secretary combined, could have done no better. But perhaps the credit is due to Mr. Montagu Norman, whose sense of City values is so uncanny.

* * *

The foreign bond market remains one of the best playgrounds for the speculative investor. In the first place there is the game of "switching," which is played by those who exchange sterling bonds for dollar bonds of the same Government. The disparity between sterling and dollar bond yields is far greater than is called for by the exchange risk, if we assume (as we have reason to assume) that a stabilisation rate for sterling at anything above $3.80 is out of the question for the next twelve months. Here are some obvious pawns in the "switching" chess-board:

	Due.	Price.	Yield %. Flat.			Yield %. Redn.		
			£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
Norway, 4½% sterling	1961	96¾	4	13	0	4	14	2
Norway, 6% dollar	1943	87¾	6 5	16 18	9* 3†	7 6	13 12	4* 10†
Swedish, 3% sterling Conversion, 1894 ...	1950	85	3	10	7	4	4	0
Swedish, 5½% dollar	1954	96	5 4	14 19	7* 3†	5 5	16 0	6* 10†
Japan, 5½% sterling Conversion loan, 1930	1965	82¼	9 8	17 10	3‡ 10‖	10 8	2 15	6‡ 4‖
Japan, 5½% dollar	1965	49½	11 9	2 12	3* 3†	11 9	8 17	4* 9†
Argentine, 4% Railway Guaranteed sterling Rescission	1942	75	5	6	7	7	12	4
Argentine, 6% dollar	1961	51½	11 10	13 1	0* 9†	12 10	1 8	0* 9†

* Ignoring exchange.
† If dollars were purchased at $3.29 and sterling subsequently improved to $3.80.
‡ Allowing for present exchange profit, this sterling loan having the option of payment at fixed rate of exchange of 4.86⅔ to £. Current rate $3.29.
‖ If sterling rose to $3.80 from present rate of $3.29.

* * *

In the second place there is the game of default finding, which can be played by all who study carefully the financial and economic positions of debtor Governments. Many Governments have defaulted, but the market is not always quick to appreciate the chances of recovery or debt proposals. Thus, the Greek Government is proposing (unexpectedly) to pay 60 per cent. of its interest, the balance being credited to the bondholder in a blocked account. Again, some Governments are expected to default, but may just avoid doing so—for example, Finland and Japan. Yet again, some Governments are not expected to default but may be forced to do so. In this category I would include Argentina. The Ottawa agreements will not ruin Argentina, but Ottawa plus slump prices for cereal and meat export produce may bring about default on the external debt. Exports have already been pushed to their limit. The tonnage of exports from the Argentine increased in the year ending June, 1932, by 27½ per cent., but the total value was only 8 per cent. higher. The visible balance of trade was 237 millions gold pesos in favour of Argentina in 1931–32, thanks to the drastic restriction of imports. The Government, by controlling the exchange market and claiming priority for its own debt requirements of 67.5 millions gold pesos, has been able so far to maintain payments on its external bonds. But there is a strong body of opinion in Buenos Aires pressing for the suspension of sinking funds, if not interest, and this movement is likely to be strengthened by the Ottawa agreements. In 1930 all imports from Argentina were free: just before Ottawa 17 per cent. of them were taxed: after Ottawa 33 per cent. of them will be taxed. And the 65 per cent. quota for frozen meat means on the 1931 figures that Argentina will export to us in 1933 428,000 cwts. against 900,393 cwts. in 1929 and 1,562,208 cwts. in 1927. It is surely hypocritical on our part to preach to Americans that European debtors cannot pay their debts while they are not allowed by the American tariffs to pay in goods. Are we to force default on Argentina by doing unto her what we would that America should not do unto us? It is very foolish. Lord D'Abernon's mission to the Argentine reported that we had between £500 and £600 millions invested in the Argentine against £460 millions in Canada.

* * *

This brings up the question of the Argentine railways—built by British capital and controlled from Finsbury Circus. The chairmen of the "big four" at their recent meetings did not make light of their troubles. The push in the export trade has helped their outward freights, but the severe cuts in the import trade have affected their "inward" freights, and the slump generally has seriously affected their passenger traffic. Yet the exchange losses have been their worst trouble, as the following table will show:

	1931–32 Decline or Increase in Net Operating Revenue.	Actual Exchange Losses, 1931–32.
B.A. Gt. Southern	−£249,157	£1,159,177
Central Argentine	+£163,684	£1,013,875
B.A. and Pacific	− £84,119	£476,500
B.A. Western	+ £45,679	£323,725

If no exchange losses had been suffered the Buenos Aires Great Southern would have earned 2.1 per cent. on its ordinary capital: the Central Argentine 4.3 per cent., and the Buenos Aires Western nearly 2¼ per cent., while the Buenos Aires and Pacific would have earned nearly all its debenture stock requirements. Actually, the exchange losses left the B.A. Great Southern 32% short on its preference stock dividends and the B.A. and Pacific 40% short on its debenture interest, while the earnings on the Central Argentine and Buenos Aires Western ordinary stocks were reduced to ¾ per cent. and ¼ per cent., respectively. The market values of these various securities are as follows:

	Price.	Flat Yield, %. £	s.	d.
B.A. Gt. Southern:				
5½% deb.	99¼	5	10	10
5% non-cum. pref.	67	7	9	3
Ord.	27		—	
Central Argentine:				
5% deb.	81½	6	2	8
4½% non-cum. pref.	53	8	9	10
Ord.	22½		—	
B.A. and Pacific:				
4% deb.	70	5	14	4
Ord.	13½		—	
B.A. Western:				
4% deb.	74½	5	7	9
5% non-cum. pref. (£10 shs.)	7	7	2	10
Ord.	21		—	

The outlook for both prior charges and equities is not cheerful. The Argentine Government is well disposed towards these companies at the moment, but foreign capital is always in danger of being nationalised by some future "nationalistic" administration. And Ottawa does not help the peso.

COMPANY MEETING

UNITED DAIRIES, LTD.

STEADY GROWTH

INCREASED SALES

The 17th Ordinary General Meeting of United Dairies, Ltd., was held on October 28th at the Connaught Rooms, London, W.C.

Mr. Joseph H. Maggs (Chairman and Managing Director), in the course of his speech, said:

In the year under review, in spite of reduced quantities per customer sold in our retail businesses, the volume of milk retailed has increased and the number of our regular customers continues to grow. The volume of our sales of butter, cream, eggs and sundries has also again expanded, although the total actual cash turnover is about 2 per cent. lower.

Our Utensil and Engineering Companies' sales keep steady, despite the world-wide depression in the engineering trade. Sales of bottle discs were up by 100 millions. Seamless welded cans, hitherto only made abroad, are now being made at our Park Royal Works, and 10,000 have been sold in the year.

Undoubtedly the Buy British campaign and the imposition of tariffs has strengthened the demand for British goods at home, and has caused our engineering companies to receive inquiries from all parts of the world.

I do not, however, wish to disguise the difficulties which still exist in doing business with the Dominions. We are, however, exploring the possibilities of increasing our export trade in machinery and utensils to all the principal dairy countries, and a representative is even now touring the world for this purpose.

MENACE TO HOME MANUFACTURE OF DAIRY PRODUCE

So far as the dairy side of our business is concerned, the effect of tariffs has up to now been negligible, owing to the fact that Empire supplies not only enter our market free but are to a large extent subsidised. There would appear to be a real danger that if New Zealand and Australia continue their present rate of increase in dairying for long, they will kill our home manufacture of dairy produce as they have already practically destroyed our sheep farming industry.

Coming to condensed milk, the action of our Government is not very intelligible. It is an extraordinary anomaly, that full cream milk for infant feeding is taxed, while skimmed milk labelled "unfit for infants" is admitted free!

It is interesting to note that in the six months ended September imports of full cream condensed milk have been reduced to 289,109 cwts., against 392,906 in the same period last year, while condensed skim milk imports have actually increased from 1,085,481 cwts. to 1,165,461. The reduction in imports of full cream appears to be due in part to a certain amount of forestalling. We have not increased the price of our Diploma full cream brand, whilst the price of Moonraker, our skim milk brand, has actually been substantially reduced as compared with this time last year.

I cannot refrain, when talking of tariffs, from pointing out an apparent oversight in connection with the Ottawa agreements. It is this. We are to tax condensed milk 2d. per gallon of its equivalent and milk powder only ½d. per gallon. Why this extraordinary disparity? On none of these tariffs so vitally affecting our industry can I find that the English manufacturer of dairy produce has ever been consulted!

Supplies of milk this past summer, however, have been very plentiful, and at the present day our stocks are considerably higher than twelve months ago.

The dairy herd of England and Wales has increased by no less than 200,000 head in the past two years, and although we are equipped to turn to the best advantage every gallon of milk which the farmer delivers to us, it is difficult to see how the present prices paid to the producer can be maintained without some form of pooling. Up till now milk prices in this country have fairly well stood the shocks which have brought almost every staple agricultural product down to pre-war levels or below. In face of the fact that our farmers are to-day actually receiving for their milk more than double the price obtained by their Continental and Dominion competitors, it seems strange, to say the least, that the Milk Industry, and United Dairies in particular, as the largest individual milk buyer, should be attacked as they have been recently, by the farmers' organisation. I abate by not one jot the claim I have frequently made for United Dairies, that we market the product of the dairy farmer with greater economy and efficiency than any other product of the farm is handled.

As you will have seen from our recent announcements in the Press, we have extended the six-day week, which has long been in vogue in our bottling plants, to our retail milk distribution. The experiment proved a remarkable success.

The report was unanimously adopted.

London Amusements

MATINEES

All at 2.30 p.m., unless otherwise stated.

ALDWYCH.	FIFTY-FIFTY.	Wed. & Fri.
DRURY LANE.	WILD VIOLETS.	Wed. & Sat.
DUCHESS.	CHILDREN IN UNIFORM.	Wed., Sat.
GLOBE.	FOR SERVICES RENDERED.	Wed.; Sat.
H'DROME.	THE MERRY WIDOW.	W., Th. & Sat.
PALACE.	GRAND HOTEL.	Daily.
QUEEN'S.	EVENSONG.	Wed., Sat.
ST. JAMES'.	BEHOLD, WE LIVE.	Wed., Sat.
ST. MARTIN'S.	STRANGE ORCHESTRA.	Tu., F.
WESTMINSTER.	FOLLOW ME.	Sat.

THEATRES

ALDWYCH. Temple Bar 6404.
Evgs. 8.15. Mats., Wed. and Fri., 2.30.
RALPH LYNN in
FIFTY-FIFTY.

COLISEUM. Charing Cross. Tem. Bar 3161.
TWICE DAILY at 2.30 & 8.15.
Sir Oswald Stoll presents
Erik Charell's
CASANOVA.

CROYDON REPERTORY, Fairfield 4329.
Nov. 7 for one week, at 8 p.m. (Sat. 5 p.m. & 8.15 p.m.)
TO SEE OURSELVES.
By E. M. DELAFIELD.
All seats bookable—1/6 to 3/6. Close to W. Croydon Stn.

DRURY LANE. Evgs. 8.15. Mats., Wed., Sat., 2.30.
HASSARD SHORT'S production of
WILD VIOLETS.
A Musical Comedy Operetta. Tem. 7171.

DUCHESS, Aldwych, W.C.2. Tem. Bar 6888.
Evenings at 8.30. Mats. Wed., & Sat. at 2.30.
CHILDREN IN UNIFORM.
Adapted from *MADCHEN IN UNIFORM.*

GLOBE THEATRE. Gerrard 8724.
Evenings 8.40. Mats., Wed. & Sat., 2.30.
BARRY JACKSON presents:
FOR SERVICES RENDERED
by W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM.
CEDRIC HARDWICKE.
LOUISE HAMPTON. C. V. FRANCE.

HIPPODROME. Ger. 3272.
EVGS. at 8.15. Weds., Thurs. and Sats. at 2.30.
THE MERRY WIDOW.
CARL BRISSON. HELEN GILLILAND. GEORGE GRAVES. DEREK OLDHAM. JAY LAURIER.

QUEEN'S. (Ger. 4517.) Evgs., 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.
BARRY JACKSON presents
EVENSONG.
By Edward Knoblock and Beverley Nichols.
EDITH EVANS.
VIOLET VANBRUGH. WILFRID LAWSON.

ST. JAMES'. Whitehall 3903.
Evgs., 8.30. Mats., Wed., Sat., 2.30.
BEHOLD, WE LIVE. By John Van Druten.
GERALD du MAURIER. GERTRUDE LAWRENCE.

ST. MARTIN'S. Temple Bar 1443 & 1444.
Nightly 8.30. Mats. Tues. & Fri. at 2.30.
STRANGE ORCHESTRA.
JEAN FORBES-ROBERTSON. LAURA COWIE.

WESTMINSTER. (Victoria 0283). 2/5 to 10/6.
WED. NEXT at 8.15. Subsequently 8.30.
(Mon. 6.30 reduced prices). First Mat., Nov. 12, 2.30.
ANMER HALL presents
FOLLOW ME
by Tyrone Guthrie.

PICTURE THEATRES

ACADEMY, Oxford St. (Opp. Warings). Ger. 2981.
Commencing, Sunday, November 6th,
the famous French drama,
DAVID GOLDER.
Last Days—*EN NATT (One Night).*

EMPIRE, Leic. Sq. Ger. 1234. 10 a.m.—12 p.m.
CHARLES LAUGHTON
in "PAYMENT DEFERRED"
with MAUREEN O'SULLIVAN, VERREE TEASDALE.

PALACE. Daily 2.30 & 8.30. Sun. 6 & 8.30.
GRAND HOTEL.
Greta GARBO, John BARRYMORE, Joan CRAWFORD, Wallace BEERY, Lionel BARRYMORE.
Extra Performance SATURDAY at 6 p.m.

ART GALLERIES

PAUL NASH EXHIBITION. Recent Water colour drawings. LEICESTER GALLERIES, Leicester Square, 10–6 daily.

BOYS' AND GIRLS' BOOK WEEK